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POEMS

BY

H. H. HAYTER C.M.G.

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MY CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE,

CARBOONA,

(REVISED AND PARTLY REWRITTEN)

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

HENRY HEYLYN HAYTER, C.M.G.



MELBOURNE:

McCARRON, BIRD & CO., PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,

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1887.

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✓



Dedicated

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION TO

LADY LOCH.

THIS little work I humbly dedicate
To one who in supreme position placed,
Has eulogy obtained from small and great,
And nought has handled that she has not graced.

She of society the honoured head,
With ease and dignity sustains her part ;
Her sympathetic acts a lustre shed,
Which finds reflection in the people's heart.

And when her no less honoured lord and she
Shall from Australia's land have disappeared,
In many after years I can foresee
The name of LADY LOCH will be revered.

H. H. H.

P R E F A C E.

THE narrative embodied in the first of the following Poems, "My Christmas Adventure," which, although written some time since, is now published for the first time—is founded on fact in regard to some of its incidents. It is right, however, to mention that, although the tale is written in the first person singular, the events referred to did not happen to the Author.

The second story, "Carboona," was originally published in the *Victorian Review* of September, October and November, 1885. To meet the exigencies of publication it had to be written rather hastily, and but little time could be allowed for revising the proofs; it, therefore, contained many imperfections. Notwithstanding these, however, it met with commendation in various quarters, and this has induced the Author to revise and partly re-write it; and although it does not yet satisfy him, he believes it will be found to read with greater smoothness than when first published.

The shorter Poems were written at various times, chiefly during holiday excursions. Some were written in the visitors' books at the various places stayed at during such excursions, it is needless to say without any view of their being afterwards published. It is thought, however, that they may be of interest to persons visiting such places, and this accounts for their appearance in this volume.

MELBOURNE, *April*, 1887.

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My Christmas Adventure.

A Tale of the Days of the early Victorian Goldfields.

I.

TOWARDS the close of eighteen fifty-four
I worked on Fryer's Creek, a diggings more
Than ninety miles from Melbourne; 'twas a place
Two years before had gone ahead apace;
And riches fabulous were then extracted
By those who money had and those who lacked it,
From out the soil by workers, delvers, diggers—
By new and old chums, Chinamen and Niggers.

II.

But at the time respecting which I speak,
Its former glory had left Fryer's Creek;
And it and other diggings round about,
'Twas said, had been almost or quite worked out,
And 'twas no use to try and get a living
At such a place. This gave me a misgiving,
'Twere best I should depart while times were sunny
And I had not expended all my money.

III.

Respecting this, however, I may say
That many a goldfield was despised this way,
As soon as the first rush to it was o'er,
And gold could readily be got no more;
The diggers then pronounced the place a "duffer,"
And hurried off elsewhere, perchance to suffer
Anxiety of mind, distress, vexation,
Trouble, disaster, hardship, and privation;

IV.

While those who stayed discovered the gold taken
Was not a tithe of what had been forsaken,
When the great mass of diggers rushed away
In search of fields they hoped might better pay;
The best parts being often unexplored,
Till some more lucky should find out the hoard,
Containing many an ounce and many a nugget,
Which there remained till they had come and dug it.

V.

Oh! what a quantity of work and toil
Would be avoided if within the soil
We knew what buried was; for I declare,
My mates and I have, without thought or care,
Walked over spots wherefrom whole tons of gold,
Then lying hid a few feet in the mould,
Have since been dug; which we might have possessed
If with clairvoyant powers we had been blessed.

VI.

A ton of gold! When we but think a minute
The large amount of money there is in it;
A pound is worth pounds sterling forty-eight,
But of a ton I shall not try to rate
The value, for I readily confess
That I at figures am not a success;
I only fear it is too big a sum
In my possession, while I live, to come.

VII.

What is a ton of gold? I have heard say
That question is not settled to this day;
A ton belongs to weight avoirdupois,
But gold is balanced by its weight in troy,
In which no ton or hundredweight is named;
Therefore I trust that I shall not be blamed,
Or thought to be defective quite in learning
Because its value I am not discerning.

VIII.

But to my tale. I did not leave the Creek
Just at that time, for though my purse was weak
And means were scanty, so that I could ill
Afford a heavy venture, the Bald Hill
Had just been rushed, and therefore I decided,
Before by others it had been divided,
And its contents ransacked, a claim to take up
Wherefrom some metal I perchance might rake up.

IX.

At junction of the Fryer's Creek and Loddon
Stands the Bald Hill ; the place was thought an odd 'un
For gold to be, as many feet of solid
Bluestone presented an obstruction stolid,
Which must by dint of toil be penetrated,
Until the gravel, which was situated
At lower depths was reached, where men could hope for
The gold they had determined there to grope for.

X.

I've said my means were scanty, but my mates
Were still worse off than I was ; for the Fates
Had left them without any means, so I
Had to provide for all, and that is why
The venture I could ill afford, as stated.
It is a bad look-out to be so mated ;
When each one pays 'tis sometimes hard to get on,
But one for all is harder, you may bet on.

XI.

We set to work, and found the job a tough one ;
It was the rock that made it such a rough one.
Ten feet we pierced by means of gads and hammers
And heavy toil ; we none of us were shamblers,
But worked all day from morning until night ;
And though if we had but had dynamite
More progress we had made ; we were prevented
From using this, for—it was not invented.

XII.

But what annoyed us most was that our neighbours
Who worked in the next claim, with half our labours
Had reached the bottom, and were getting gold
In plenty, so at least we had been told
By some who knew it well; they had no rock
To speak of, and as if they wished to mock
Us in our trouble, they would tell us, jesting,
To hurry, or our ground they would be testing.

XIII.

And this was what we dreaded, for we found
That they were tunnelling towards our bound,
And that they might perhaps o'er-pass the line
Parting our claims we feared; for in a mine,
And underneath the ground, although compactly
You measure, you can never know exactly
Your place, and so at times a man that's honest
May find that where he thought he was he *non est*.

XIV.

When we had sunk a hundred feet, well told,
We reached the bottom, but did not find gold;
We washed of stuff ten buckets 'tis recorded,
But only a few specks our toil rewarded;
And so we set to work to drive the claim,
Meaning to tunnel; "driving" is the name
The diggers give the operation followed,
After the shaft is to the bottom hollowed.

XV.

We burrowed underneath towards our neighbours,
And before long we heard them at their labours ;
Their picks kept tapping on the stones and gravel,
And we had just about ten feet to travel
Before we reached them ; whereupon we found
That they had been encroaching on our ground
About a foot. They said, 'twas a mistake
Which anyone was liable to make ;

XVI.

They really had no wish to take an inch,
Much less a foot, from us ; upon a pinch
We could have had of their ground more than they
Had had of ours ; it never was their way
To take what not belonged to them, indeed,
The ground to them was worthless, for the lead
Had stopped before it got there, and not any
Gold would be found near by, they'd bet a penny.

XVII.

No gold we found, 'tis true, and so it seemed
Useless to quarrel about what was deemed
Of value none ; though, afterwards, we heard,
In digging out this foot it had occurred,
That of gold-dust and nuggets twelve pounds weight
These men had got ; and, by arriving late,
We had allowed them to secure the prize,
Which thus they took away before our eyes.

XVIII.

Of this we nothing knew, so set to work
To give the ground a trial, nor did shirk
Although no gold we got; 'twas just the same,
We dug away the stuff from out the claim,
In depth three feet all over, save a block
We left about the centre; for the rock
Which was above the gravel we had fears,
If we took all, might come about our ears.

XIX.

Only two feet in thickness was the block
Or pillar, we had left to keep the rock.
From falling; and as now our work was ended,
To take our tools away we had intended;
When at the last a German, named Hans Schiller,
One of my mates, said, "let us try the pillar;
'Tis possible there may be something in it,
And we can have it out in half-a-minute."

XX.

In fear and trembling lest might fall the ground,
We took the pillar out, and there we found
A nugget weighing nearly fifteen ounces,
Which with a smiling face my mate announces.
We got off safely as the ground fell not,
And so it happened that it was our lot
To get no more than this of golden spoil,
For four months and a half of heavy toil.

XXI.

Better than nothing was this find however ;
Had we not got it then this tale would never
Have been related, for of it my share,
Only ten pounds, enabled me to square
Small sums of which I owing was a few,
And then with swag on shoulder, bid adieu
To mates and diggings, truly joyful mighty,
To leave a place where luck had been so flighty.

XXII.

I started off, and leaving Fryer's Creek,
Made tracks for Melbourne, where I meant to seek
Amongst my friends some suitable employment
Which would at any rate give more enjoyment
And satisfaction too, than sinking holes
With no gold in them; afterward like moles
Burrowing away for weeks, and what is worst,
No richer at the end than at the first.

XXIII.

And besides this I had another reason
For going back to town, the Christmas season
Was near at hand, and I wished not to stay
Over that time, but upon Christmas Day
I would be present at the social board
Of a dear aunt of mine, named Mrs. Ford,
Who, with a daughter juvenile and pretty,
Had recently arrived in Melbourne city.

XXIV.

With Ellen Ford I own I had been smitten,
Before I started from the shores of Britain ;
And she had said she loved me as her life,
And would with willingness become my wife ;
So, as her mother purposed soon to sail here,
'Twas settled she should wed me in Australia.
I had seen notice of their ship's arrival,
And of my hopes I looked for a revival.

XXV.

As yet I had received from them no word,
Which was not strange, as they could not have heard
Of whereabouts I was, since my address
I had not sent them, and they ne'er would guess
That they would find me an impoverished miner,
With in my purse and pocket scarce a shiner ;
However, I had very little doubt,
That once in Melbourne I should find them out.

XXVI.

Off then I started for a three days' tramp ;
The days were fine, but as the nights were damp,
The first two in way-side hotels I passed,
I hoped to spend in Melbourne town the last ;
But this I did not do, of which the reason
I will elucidate at proper season,
Indeed, to make it plain I must not fail,
For closely 'tis connected with my tale.

XXVII.

'Twas on the twenty-fourth day of December,
The eve of Christmas, as I well remember,
I found myself within ten miles of town,
And, being faint and hungry, sat me down
At a small public-house, or rather, shanty,
Which, at the time, accommodation scanty
To travellers gave; and there I asked that I
Might have a meal, and that they would supply

XXVIII.

Something to drink besides, a glass of porter
Or ale, or, in fact, anything but water,
Which I was not inclined for; the exertion
Of my prolonged pedestrian excursion
Having disposed my taste for something stronger,
Ere on my journey I proceeded longer.
Water is very well, but, without cavil,
It does not nerve a man for lengthened travel.

XXIX.

No license to sell beer the landlord had,
But still he brought me some; it was as bad
As beer could be, and when I it had swallowed
An overpowering nausea quickly followed;
My head grew dizzy, and my throat and chest
With a strange sense of burning were oppressed;
My flesh was hot and cold in alternation,
My skin broke out in clammy perspiration.

XXX.

Something was wrong ; straight in my mind I focussed
That by that draught of beer I had been "hoccussed ;"
Which is the term implying that some drug
Had been inserted in the glass or jug,
And with the liquor mixed ; the reason being
To take away my sense of hearing, seeing,
And, in fact, make me stupid ; so that they
Might on my purse and pocket better prey.

XXXI.

This practice, at the time which I refer to,
Was often followed, as none will demur to
Who are acquainted with colonial ways
As they existed in the diggings' days ;
And by it many an unsuspecting miner
Had found himself relieved of every shiner ;
And stories, at the time, were also rife,
That some had even not escaped with life.

XXXII.

Not knowing what might be my fate, I straightway
Of this unwholesome shanty sought the gateway,
And staggered forth ; I had not much to lose,
And though enough my senses to confuse
I had been dosed with, this I understood,
And the consideration did me good,
That all their bad intentions would be vain,
And if they robbed me, small would be their gain.

XXXIII.

I staggered on with little thought of where
I went to, neither did I greatly care
What happened ; near about three miles I strayed,
And then beneath a tree myself I laid,
Or rather fell, for I could walk no longer ;
Indeed, what I had taken would a stronger
Man than myself have floored ; so on the ground
There as I lay I soon was sleeping sound.

XXXIV.

How long I slept I knew not ; when I woke
It was broad daylight ; I could see the smoke
Of Melbourne in the distance ; up I started,
And from my out-door lodging soon departed
And walked towards the town ; I had a feeling
Hard to define, my senses all seemed reeling,
My intellect experienced a brightness,
My head and limbs appeared to have a lightness

XXXV.

I ne'er had felt before ; walking was much too slow
A pace for me to travel onward—so
I ran, I scampered, bolted, scuttled, scurried,
As straight along towards the town I hurried.
I went so fast that truly, and indeed,
Like to a horse's gallop seemed my speed ;
All vehicles I saw upon the road
I quickly passed, as on my way I strode.

XXXVI.

Strange to be said, I did not think a word
Of what the night preceding had occurred ;
It never crossed my mind how I'd been treated,
And whether of my money I'd been cheated
I neither knew nor cared ; and my return
In state impoverish'd gave me no concern.
My only thought was of my destination,
Of which the nearness caused me exultation.

XXXVII.

I soon passed Flemington, and then I turned
More to the left, till Fitzroy I discerned ;
'Twas then called "Collingwood," a name applied
Now to the eastern portion only, on which side
Few houses then existed ; when I came
First to Victoria it was at the same
Place—that is Fitzroy—I had lodged, and I
To get my former quarters meant to try.

XXXVIII.

I crossed the Sydney Road, and then the place
Where now are Carlton Gardens ; not a trace
At that time was there of a boundary fence ;
Of grounds laid out not even a pretence,
Much less of flowers or ornamental lake,
Where basking goldfish now their pleasure take,
Their shining sides in wantonness displaying,
Or joyous, 'neath the fountain's sprinkle playing.

XXXIX.

A pretty cottage I had often seen
Standing within a garden, with a green
Grass-plot in front—where now the stately pile,
“The Royal Terrace” named, in modern style,
Has since been built—now broke upon my view,
And marked at once my situation true ;
I then remembered where I was, precisely,
And knew I could find out my lodgings nicely.

XL.

When I this cottage reached, I straightway spied
A female figure standing by its side,
Within the grounds, engaged in picking flowers,
Of which, in consequence of recent showers,
There then were plenty ; though it may appear
A thing uncommon at the time of year
When all is usually parched, and often
No drop of rain has come the ground to soften.

XLI.

Averted was her face, but by her size,
And form, and figure, I could recognise,
I thought, a lady very dear to me ;
One whom, above all others, I would see.
I therefore stayed until she turned toward
The place I stood. Yes, it was Ellen Ford !
Certain I was, I could not be mistaken,
Unless by recollection quite forsaken.

XLII.

It may be well imagined, at the first,
She did not notice who it was that burst
Upon her view, as I was greatly changed;
Dirty my face, my clothing disarranged;
For no attempt at toilet had I made,
Since I emerged from 'neath the friendly shade
Of the convenient eucalyptus tree,
Which, through the night, a shelter was to me.

XLIII.

"Ellen!" I cried. She made a sudden start,
Then gave a look which chilled me to the heart,
It was so cold, and yet so terrified;
From head to foot she trembled, and she tried
To run from me, but failed to get away,
For, from the time she started, I should say
She had not gone six paces in the race
Before she, staggering, fell upon her face.

XLIV.

I passed the gate and raised her from the ground
As gently as I could, and then I found .
That she had fainted; open was the door
Wide of the cottage, so I thither bore
My precious burden, hoping that her mother,
Or, in her absence, some one or another
Would help me to revivify the maiden
With whose impassive body I was laden.

XLV.

I entered the first room I saw, and laid
Upon a couch the still unconscious maid;
The house was small, so I could soon descry
No one was there except the maid and I.
Experience I had none of women's failings,
Or maladies or weaknesses or ailings;
My situation, 'twill be owned, was vexing,
Bewildering, disconcerting, and perplexing.

XLVI.

Restoratives I sought, but could not find
Any which seemed, according to my mind,
Suited a fainting maiden to recover,
Administered if even by her lover.
Not any vinegar or salts ammoniac,
Or hartshorn, sal volatile, or cognac
Was to be found from ceiling unto floor,
In cupboard, box, or chiffonier, or drawer.

XLVII.

What should I do? This question soon was solved,
For at the moment that I had resolved
Assistance to entreat from some one near,
I looked towards the maid and saw that clear
Her eyes were open; when she met my view
She gave a little scream; I to her flew
And asked her why she terrified and shy was,
At sight of one so true to her as I was.

XLVIII.

Of one to whom her troth had long been plighted
What reason had she to be so affrighted?
I loved her still as ardently as ever,
And now that I had found her we would never
Part any more, but she should be my wife,
And we might hope to lead a happy life.
The future I feared not, although not wealthy,
For I could work, as I was strong and healthy.

XLIX.

She pressed her hands upon her eyes, as though
She wished to hide me from her sight, and so
For a short time remained; and then at last,
After a moment's interval had passed,
In which she seemed with agony oppressed,
Nervous, excited, troubled and distressed,
She ope'd her lips and said, "And can it be
That you still live? Oh then, unhappy me!"

L.

She turned away; her voice with sobs was choking.
Something I saw was wrong, and without joking
I puzzled was to know what it could be
Which caused her in such way to act to me.
Kindly I spoke and tried to reassure her,
Told her from harm I ever would secure her,
What troubles she had had would soon be o'er,
For I intended we should part no more.

C

LI.

She soon became a little more composed;
Then with an effort she at once disclosed
The reason she so strangely had received me,
The facts of which narration greatly grieved me;
As will be deemed not either odd or queer
By those who to the end will with me steer
Of this my story, truthful and veracious,
Of which my memory is still tenacious.

LII.

My aunt she said, who very ill had been,
And, whilst at sea, had scarcely once been seen
After the time they quitted England's strand,
Had died soon after setting foot on land.
Ellen had then endeavoured to gain tidings
Respecting where I was and my abidings,
And at the last a digger had been found,
Who said he knew me well, and underground

LIII.

He long had worked with me on Bendigo,
And there I had been killed, a month or so
Before that time. This man had gold galore,
Besides of money in the bank a store,
And he had told her that, as I was dead,
The best thing for her was with him to wed.
He had persuaded much, and at the last
They had been joined in bonds of wedlock fast.

LIV.

“What! married to another?” I exclaimed,
Raising my voice, “and were you not ashamed
In such a way to treat a lover true,
Who faithful had and constant been to you?
Could you not the report investigate
About my death, and in the meantime wait
To see if he, for whom I am forsaken,
Perchance was telling lies, or else mistaken?”

LV.

By now her confidence had quite returned;
And quickly from her manner I discerned
That she to bear my strictures was not bent,
But them with much impatience to resent.
She colored red, her eye with anger flashed,
Upon the ground excitedly she dashed
Her foot, and raised her voice with animation,
As she submitted this interrogation :—

LVI.

“Why should I wait for you? I might be starving
While you from out the rocks and soil were carving,
As you supposed, enough to keep a wife.
Did you expect me thus to waste my life?
What reason was there for investigation,
Question, inquiry, or examination?
I pleased myself; is that enough for you?
Would you deny my license so to do?”

LVII.

"Look at your clothes all smeared with dirt and mire,
Worn out, and fit for nothing but the fire;
Your face begrimed, your hair uncombed and rough,
Your whole appearance—I should be a muff
Indeed, to cast a thought on such a loafer."
She straightway raised herself from off the sofa
And then proceeded, as I stood astounded,
Spell-bound, amazed, astonished and confounded,

LVIII.

"Take yourself off as soon as you are able,
For if my husband comes there [be will] Babel;
His time is up, he is a man that's jealous,
And above all things, he dislikes that fellows
Should be about this house, so I advise
You not to show yourself before his eyes;
If he should see you there would be a row,
And, as I am alive, he comes here now."

LIX.

Just at that moment at the gate appeared
A man six feet in height, with hair and beard
Shaggy and long; of size and bulk stupendous,
Of aspect savage, threatening, tremendous;
Of brown complexion with a tinge of yellow,
He was indeed a formidable fellow.
He looked at me, and with a voice of thunder
Which filled me instantly with awe and wonder—

LX.

He said:—"You come here for my wife, but I
Will stop that game, at any rate I'll try.
On my preserves I will permit no poaching,
In my domain there shall be no encroaching;
For problems such as these I have a solver."
Then straightway he produced a Colt's revolver,
With which four shots at me he blazed away—
The sound is ringing in my ears to-day.

* * * * *

LXI.

I started up affrighted, and I found
Till then I had been lying on the ground
Just where I tumbled down the night before,
About three miles from the same shanty's door
Where I had drunk that stuff adulterated,
Which to destroy my life had almost sated.
And so it came about that what did seem
So painful, yet so true, was but a dream.

LXII.

The noise I heard was from a bullock dray,
Which at the time was passing by that way;
And the sharp cracking of the driver's thong
Had caused the sounds which thus had set me wrong,
And had for pistol-shots mistaken been,
Which so astounded me as has been seen,
That from my heavy slumber up I started,
All my illusions and my dreams departed.

LXIII.

The sun had risen, it was Christmas morn ;
I found I had been robbed, my swag was gone,
My pockets empty; what I stood upright in
Was all I had; I was a sorry plight in
As you may well suppose; my aching head
Throbbled as if fit to burst; my limbs like lead
Felt when I tried to move them, and my tongue
Was dry and parched, and to my palate clung.

LXIV.

I walked along as well as I was able,
Tardy my pace, my gait not very stable,
Until I reached a creek whereat I stayed
And drank, and bathed my head and face, which made
Me feel refreshed, my brain and nerves more steady;
So soon to make progression I was ready.
Though at the first my steps were slow indeed,
I soon was able to increase my speed.

LXV.

Onward I went, making perambulation,
Along the road which, in imagination,
During the previous night I traversed had;
My foremost feeling was I should be glad
To reach my journey's end, so I might tell
Whether my last night's dream had been a sell;
Or whether it might be a true prevoyance
Presaging trouble, sorrow and annoyance.

LXVI.

The town was near, I looked with all my might,
The cottage to descry where overnight
To me had happened the experience livid,
Of which I had a recollection vivid;
But all in vain, for in its place a row
Of lofty houses made a handsome show;
Not yet complete, the masons were away,
For it was Christmas, and a holiday.

LXVII.

In front were piles of planks, and rows of hoardings,
And stacks of bricks and slates, and heaps of boardings
Ladders and hods, and other builders' fixings,
And lime and loam for use in mortar mixings.
Scaffolds along the walls were thickly set,
And high aloft upon the parapet
I read these words above the centre door:
"The Royal Terrace, eighteen fifty-four."

LXVIII.

Great the relief I felt, for by this sight
I knew, so far, my dream of overnight
Was incorrect, and so I hoped might prove
The whole of it. I onward made a move
Towards the lodgings where twelve months before
I had been staying; open was the door;
I entered. At the first no one could guess
Who was it that appeared in such a mess.

LXIX.

Quickly I told my name, and all were glad
To see me; then a chest of clothes I had,
And at my lodgings left, came in quite handy,
And soon I was bedizened like a dandy.
But something else occurred a great deal better
Than all besides; they brought to me a letter;
It was from Ellen, and was sent to tell
Me where they were, and that they both were well.

LXX.

My joy at this I leave to you to guess,
Indeed 'twas greater than I can express;
I soon had found them, and a cordial greeting
I got you may be sure; a happy meeting
Indeed it was; yet when I told the tale
Of my strange dream, my Ellen's cheek grew pale;
But soon it brightened when she knew me near her,
And felt to me she was then ever dearer.

LXXI.

Indeed it was a happy Christmas-time,
As all may fancy who peruse this rhyme;
More like a mother than an aunt to me
Was Ellen's mother; fond as fond could be
Was Ellen, and what more could I desire?
Of her sweet presence never could I tire.
Her eyes upon me with affection beaming,
What pleasant contrast to my last night's dreaming.

LXXII.

Next morning to the post I early went,
And found remittances which had been sent
Some time before from England; they to me
Were welcome, as all those who read may be
Assured of. Then I sought employment,
Which I obtained, greatly to my enjoyment.
I grew in favour, as I always tried
To please; and Ellen soon became my bride.

LXXIII.

I now am rich, our union has been blessed
With many children; it must be confessed
We have been happy. Still at Christmas-tide,
Although with sons and daughters by my side,
And loving wife and pleasant friends around,
Joining in cheerful dance to music's sound,
I ever call to mind the night before
The day of Christmas, eighteen fifty-four.



CARBOONA:

A CHAPTER FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF VICTORIA.

(Second Edition, Revised and Partly Re-written.)

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE territory named formerly Port Phillip, now Victoria, has not yet been discovered by Europeans 100 years, and has only been colonised for about 50 years; its history, therefore, extends over too short a period to warrant its being chosen as the subject of a work of fiction in which the European colonists are made the principal actors. In framing the plot of this tale, therefore, the writer has drawn upon his imagination respecting the aboriginal inhabitants only. All the circumstances related of Europeans are in strict accordance with historic truth.

In dealing with the aborigines, the writer has endeavoured to describe their habits and customs, and modes of thought and living, as accurately as possible; and although all the events in which they are made to take part did not, so far as is known, really happen, it may safely be said to be not impossible, or even improbable, that such events may have actually occurred.

The writer's chief object in publishing the story has been to contribute towards perpetuating the remembrance of a race which is fast dying out, and must, in all human probability, soon disappear from the face of this planet.

MELBOURNE, *November*, 1885.



Carboona.¹

A Chapter from the Early History of Victoria.

INTRODUCTION.

ASABLE maid I sing who first saw light
Not far from stately Melbourne's present site,
Full fourteen years before Port Phillip's sod
Had by the foot of white man e'er been trod ;
Perhaps about the time when at the first
Great Britain's flag had o'er Port Jackson burst.²

It just had dawned upon the British race
That as Australia there was such a place ;
And it was deemed a suitable abode
For those who had of crime infringed the code.
And so some ships from England had been sent,
By order of the King and Parliament,
Loaded with felons, whom to keep secure
Soldiers and officers, we may be sure,

¹ This poem was originally published in the *Victorian Review*. It has since been revised and partly re-written by its author.

² New South Wales was settled in January, 1788. Port Phillip Bay was discovered in January, 1802.

Were also sent ; parsons and bibles, too,
 Were introduced, to teach religion true
 Unto the heathen ; which end to assist
 Firearms, strong arguments hard to resist,
 Were brought in plenty to the future nation
 To teach the blessings of civilisation.
 Small pox and other similar diseases,
 And rum which white and black man's thirst appeases,
 Were at the same time brought, so all was present
 To launch the colony in manner pleasant.
 This was at Sydney, but my story's scene,
 Port Phillip, had not then discovered been.

THE MAIDEN AND HER PARENTS.

Named was my heroine Carboona,¹ in English "The
 Lover of Laughter,"
 Chief of the Woo-ee-woo-ronga,² a powerful tribe, was
 her father ;
 Bunjill, they called him "The Eagle,"³ because of his
 quickness of vision
 And the impetuous rush he made when he grappled the
 foeman,

¹ Carnboon—"Jesting, laughing, joke, jolly." See R. Brough Smyth's "Aborigines of Victoria," Vol. II., page 137. Ferres, Melbourne, 1878. The first "n" has been dropped for the sake of euphony.

² Woo-ee-woo-rong. The Yarra tribe. *Ibid.*, page 90.

³ *Ibid.*, page 90, there spelt "Bundjell." It is also a term of respect, somewhat equivalent to "Mister." *Ibid.*, Vol. I., pages xxii. and 57.

Seeming the swoop of that bird as it pounced on its
prey to resemble.

Mighty was Bunjill in war, ever foremost his place in the
battle;

He of the men of his tribe by the breadth of a hand
was the tallest.

Only one wife he possessed, although 'twas according to
custom

Several wives should belong to a chief of such eminent
standing;¹

She was entitled Murronga, its meaning "The Daughter
of Cloudland,"²

Which surname she received because in the depths of the
forest

She as an infant was found, by all her relations abandoned,
So that she fell from the skies her captors professed to
imagine.³

Now, although to her offspring she proved an affec-
tionate parent,

Unrelenting and savage in other respects was Murronga.

This is confirmed by a record which happens to be in
existence

¹ "A common man may not have more than one wife at a time. Chiefs, however, may have as many wives as they think proper." Dawson's "Australian Aborigines," page 27. George Robertson, Melbourne. 1881.

² Murrong—"Cloud, sky." R. Brough Smyth's "Aborigines of Victoria," Vol. II., page 168.

³ The name of a child is dependent on some accident at its birth. *Ibid.*, Vol. I., page 55

In this lullaby song,¹ which she sang to the infant
Carboona :—

THE LULLABY.

Sleep, thou, my baby, daughter of The Eagle,
Sleep and refresh thee, precious to thy mother.
When thou art waking, rightly art thou called The
 Lover of Laughter.

Bunjill's gone to battle to fight the Boo-no-oo-rong.²
May our brave warriors destroy that tribe detested,
Kill every one of them, leave not a man to go
 Home with the tidings.

Oh, may our warriors cut their bodies open,
Tear out their kidney-fat³ before the life has left them;

¹ Perhaps it may excite surprise to find Murrunga singing a song in *Sapphica metra*; but a metre closely resembling this was not unknown to the Australian aborigines, as is proved by the following fragment of an aboriginal song, taken from Mr. Smyth's book, Vol. II., page 391. It is said that the lines are not fit for translation, the subject not being very select :—

Naina thaipa raina pogana
Naina thaipa raina pogana
Naina thaipa raina pogana
 Thoga me gunnea.
Naara paara powella paara
Naara paara powella paara
Naara paara powella paara
 Ballahoo hoo hoo.

² Boon-oor-rong. The Western Port tribe. R. Brough Smyth's "Aborigines," Vol. II., page 90.

³ Great virtues are attributed by the Australian aborigines to the kidney-fat of their enemies, especially if torn out while the victim is still alive. It is said that instances are known of men lingering two days, of course in great agony, after the kidney-fat had been removed. Mr. Smyth, Vol. II., page 289, says :—"After killing a man they always abstract the kidney-fat, which they carry home with them as a trophy, as the American Indians take the scalp. The murderers anoint their bodies with the fat of their victims, thinking by that process the strength of the deceased enters into them."—See also Vol. I., pages 102, 107, 246, and 469, and Vol. II., page 313; also Dawson's "Australian Aborigines," page 69.

This will give our young men strength and ferocity,
Swiftness and valour.

Then to the mia-mies to slay their wives and children,
Kill every male child and every married woman ;
But, for the sake of giving spouses to our young men,
Carry off the virgins.

Sleep, then, my baby ; nothing shall molest thee ;
Soon will be exterminate the hated Boo-no-oo-rong ;
When thou art older thou'lt delight to hear recounted
How we destroyed them.

THE MAIDEN AND THE YOUTH.

Now, notwithstanding her mother had in her so much of
the savage,
Gentle and kind was the nature, and placid the bent of
Carboona.
Subject to fear was this maiden, especially during the
darkness,
Shrinking her mother towards, when she heard the harsh
yelp of the dingo ;
Quailing when glimmered the lightning, trembling when
rattled the thunder ;
And when the floods had arisen, as sometimes they do in
Australia,
Streams down the gullies descending in foaming im-
petuous torrents,
Covering over the plains with one vast body of water,

She was afraid lest the wave might suddenly swell and
o'erwhelm her,
Or lest the bunyip might rise and carry her off and
devour her.

Still she showed courage at times, and one day, when
watching the river
Near to which she was born, the Yarra, the constantly
flowing
(Which was then bright and pellucid, and not fouled by
traffic offensive),
When it was running its fastest, a youth tumbled in, and
so doing
Struck his head on a stone with such force as to cause
stupefaction.
He would have drowned, but Carboona—who from her
infancy onwards
Had in the water to play and to paddle about been
accustomed,
Till, like an ornithorhynchus or other creature amphibious,
She, in that element, was as completely at home as on
dry land—
He would, I say, have been drowned had it not been
that the maiden,
Coolness and presence of mind and much self-possession
displaying,
Plunged at once into the stream and rescued the lad
from his peril.

Two years older than she, was the boy thus prevented
from drowning,
Son of the chief of a tribe at peace with the Woo-ee-woo-
ronga.
Wark Wark,¹ "The Nimble," his name, a title which aptly
became him,
He, for fleetness of foot and activity being distinguished,
In which respects not one of his years in the tribe was
his equal.
Clever and smart was this youth, at early age giving good
promise
Skilful to be in the use of the tribe's aboriginal weapons.
After his narrow escape he became the fast friend of
Carboona,
Who to be near him and join in his boyish diversions
delighted.
Often times while with his weapons at eventide he was
at practice,
She would approach to the place, as she plaited her basket
of rushes
Or made for fishermen's uses twine nets of the stringy-
bark² fibre,
Watching the flight of his spear as it sped to its mark
from the woom'ra;³

¹ Warrk Warrk, "nimble."—R. Brough Smyth's "Aborigines," Vol. II., page 104.
The second "r" has been dropped to obviate the danger of mispronunciation.

² Stringy-bark tree, *Eucalyptus Macrorrhynca*, the bark of which was extensively
used by the aborigines for making lines, nets, &c.

³ Woomera, the throwing-stick of the Australian natives.

Watching his boomerang's twirl as it circled its course
through the heavens.¹
Other times into the woods they would pleasantly wander
together,
Sweet snowy manna collecting as it lay thick 'neath the
gum-trees²
Of which the class and the order had not at the time been
determined,
As our erudite Baron had not then come into existence
Plants of Australia with true and correct nomenclature
to index.
There they would list to the sounds of the birds and the
beasts and the insects,
Hearing the hum of the locusts,³ the chatter of bright
plumaged parrots,
Also the squeak of opossums their mates on the tree-top
attracting,
Kangaroos leaping with weight whilst bounding along
through the wild wood,
Magpies with organlike note, native bears with screechings
discordant,

¹ "The throwing of spears at a mark is a common amusement. Young people engage in the pastime with toy spears. The toy boomerang is much lighter and more acute in the angle than the war boomerang, and has a peculiar rounding of one of its sides which has the effect of making it rise in the air when thrown along the ground, and return to the thrower when the impetus has been expended." —Dawson's "Australian Aborigines," page 85.

² The tree which sheds the manna is the *Eucalyptus viminalis*, for a description of which see "Eucalyptographia," letter "V," by the Baron Sir F. Von Mueller, K.C.M.G., F.R.S., Government Botanist of Victoria.—Ferres, Melbourne.

³ *Cicada moerens* (locust of the colonists). The manna which falls from the *E. viminalis* is said to result from the leaves and tender shoots being punctured by this insect.

Laughing-jackasses with din resembling convulsed cachination,
Bronzewings with musical coo, mopokes with symphony plaintive,
Croaking of numberless frogs making sport in their own native marshes.

Some of the notes of the birds they learnt with exactness to mimic,
Whereby they often allured them in reach of the missiles of Wark Wark,
When he at once struck them down with an aim that was almost unerring,
And by this means often brought to the evening meal welcome additions.
He was now twelve, she was ten, and thus they were only mere children,
And as no schools then existed to find for them other employment,
Public instruction with them not being the law or the custom,
That they might have done worse may certainly well be admitted.

THE BETROTHAL.

This continued some years, and then as Carboona grew older,
Timid and shy she became, and no longer would ramble with Wark Wark;
Yet she would watch his return as he came home at eve from the forest

(He had now quite taken up his abode with the Woo-ee-woo-ronga)

And, to get of him a glimpse, would peep from the mia-mi's shelter,

Seeking the sound of his voice and to all that he uttered attending.

So it was easy to see that the little wingèd god Cupid, Who, it seems, to no place and no people confines his attentions,

Had with his arrow inflicted a wound on the heart of the maiden.

Wark Wark her company missed, and at first could not fathom the reason.

Something, he could not tell what, had wrought such a change in Carboona.

Sullen and mopish he turned, and nought seemed to give him enjoyment.

So it was frequently asked, What has happened to Wark Wark The Nimble?

But the old ones of the tribe, who experience had in such matters,

Knew that Wark Wark's complaint was one could be cured by Carboona;

So consultation was held, at which the whole matter was set forth;

Women and men taking part, at times greatly raising their voices,

Reasoning, interlocuting, disserting, debating, discussing, Though what the arguments were there are no means of now ascertaining;

It is sufficient that after prolonged disputation 'twas settled—

Wark Wark The Nimble should marry Carboona the Lover of Laughter.

So the pair were betrothed; but as by the tribe's regulations

Until the age of eighteen young men were forbidden to marry,

And as Wark Wark had not reached the age of eighteen by a twelvemonth,

Until that time had elapsed they could not be united in wedlock;

But their betrothal to mark there was held a corroboree solemn,

At which the whole of the tribe were invited to render assistance.

THE CORROBOREE.

Full was the moon on the night which was chosen for this ceremonial,

Bonfires for which had been lighted constructed of branches of gumtrees;

Wherein the oil aromatic, now prized for medicinal uses, Blazed in a way would have gladdened our youth on the fifth of November.

Three hundred warriors were present, all painted in different patterns,

Pipeclay marks on their black skins resembling the stripes of the zebra;

Standing in rows, they commenced the dance with a moderate movement
Then progressively quickened until they grew wild with excitement;
Weapons they bore in their hands, with which they made menacing gestures,
Now their eyes steadily fixing, now glaring with energy savage,
Bodies contorting the while in a strangely fantastical manner.
Movements of beasts and of birds with exactitude some imitated—
Kangaroos, dingoes, and wombats, emus and native companions;
Thus with the quaintest wild antics, which took every form of grotesqueness,
They by the light of the fires a concourse of demons resembled.
Seated the women near by for the dancers provided the music,
Skins stretched over their knees, on which they beat time with their fingers,
Singing the while a low chaunt, some portion of which was as follows :—¹

¹ Interesting descriptions of the corroboree, by Sir Thomas Mitchell, William Buckley, the late Mr. G. S. Lang, the late Mr. Thomas, Lieut.-Colonel Mundy, and the Rev. Mr. Bulmer, are given in R. Brough Smyth's "Aborigines of Victoria," Vol. I., page 166, *et seq.* See also Dawson's "Australian Aborigines," page 80, *et seq.*

THE CHAUNT OF THE WOMEN.

“Wark Wark, Wark Wark, you are happy,
Carboona is your affianced.
Of our tribe she is the flower—
Honeysuckle, wattle-blossom,
Lily, epacris, and orchid ;
Loveliest bird of all that flutter
In the forests round about us—
Bronze-wing pigeon, wonga-wonga,
Lyre-bird of brightest plumage.

“Wark Wark, Wark Wark, be you careful
No one takes Carboona from you.
Other tribes are very subtle,
Waiting chance to steal our women.
Be you watchful, ever watchful,
Ever sleep with one eye open,
Or the wily Boo-no-oo-rong
Will of your affianced rob you,
Will take off the young Carboona.

“Arm yourself with shield and waddy,
Boomerang and spear take with you ;
Go to war and fight our foemen.
When you meet them in the battle,
Be you ever in the front rank ;
On our foemen show no mercy,
Kill and execute our vengeance
On the hated Boo-no-oo-rong—
On those who to us are hostile.

"In a year's time young Carboona
Takes her place beside your fire,
Comes to live beneath your shelter.
Then be sure you bring home plenty,
Against hunger make provision—
Spear the fishes in the water,
Spear the kangaroo and emu,
Spear the native bear and wombat,
Trap the black swan and the wild duck."

THE YOUTH'S FIRST SPEECH.

Wark Wark lay on the ground, and took no part in the dancing;
But when after a time the cadence showed symptoms of flagging,
Raising himself to his feet, he with emphasis uttered as follows :—

"Her to whom Wark Wark this day is affianced,
As his life's blood he loves, so he is happy;
Kindly her tribe and her parents have acted,
On his betrothal their sanction bestowing;
Which they could not have done had it not been that
He was not of them, although living with them;
For 'tis a custom well known and established,
No man with one of his own tribe may marry.¹

"That he'll keep guard over her he's betrothed to,
That after the marriage he'll kill game in plenty ;

¹ This is a well-known aboriginal law. See R. Brough Smyth's remarks on Exogamy, "Aborigines of Victoria," Vol. I., p. 86, *et seq.*

That he'll fight bravely with tribes that are hostile,
None who know Wark Wark can doubt for a moment.
All this and much more will Wark Wark accomplish ;
And with solicitude anxious and earnest,
Hopes he that nothing may hinder the marriage,
Which he most fondly, desiringly longs for.
Yet in his mind is a fearful misgiving,
Of which to rid himself he is unable ;
Something will happen, unlooked for, unthought of,
Some dread catastrophe, awful and sudden,
Him to remove from Carboona for ever.
Think not that Wark Wark is given to fancies,
Or that he fears to face aught may befall him ;
But this he is so entirely impressed with,
It to his soul has the force of conviction."

THE GRIEF OF THE MAIDEN.

Then he was silent, and at the same moment, as though
'twere a portent,
Over the face of the moon passed a cloud of ominous
blackness,
Which, combined with the weird aspect of the other
surroundings,
Seemed an importance prophetic to give to the words he
had spoken.
Turning he looked at Carboona, who sat in her place
near the women ;
Glowed the fire full on her face, and by it he saw she
was weeping ;

Then he encountered her glance, and the look of despair
on her visage

Struck like a chill to his heart and filled him with painful
emotion.

Close to her side he approached, and endeavoured to
give consolation,

Told her he might be mistaken, it really was only a
surmise ;

Those cunning men of the tribe, who, to forecast the
future pretended,

Oft as Carboona well knew, were found to have pro-
phesied wrongly,

And what was his puny judgment, that it should so much
be regarded ?

It might be only a freak of his fitful, fantastical nature ;

He in low spirits had felt, as everyone did on occasion,

But the sensation would wear off perhaps by the following
morning,

When he would not be the last to laugh at his own silly
crotchets.

Comfort his words did not render, he saw that his
efforts were futile ;

For as the cloud on the moon continued from view to
obscure it,

So had its usual brightness the face of the maiden
abandoned ;

Language assisted her not to give relief to her feelings,

But in a manner hysteric she wept on the breast of her
mother,

Who, from the festival's noise to her mia-mi, shortly
removed her.

END OF THE CORROBOREE.

Still the corroboree dancers continued to make the night
hideous,
Till the rain, pouring in torrents, compelled them to
travel for shelter.
Had strong drink been at hand they might have their
orgies continued,
When the corroboree might in a free fight have come to
an ending,
And perhaps blood would have flowed and lives might
have also been taken.
Or, some years later, perchance, in concluding a like
entertainment,
They with a hymn might have wound up, or else a
religious prayer meeting;
But the white man had not yet found out the abode of
these niggers,
And of that entity potent expressed in the term compre-
hensive
"Evangelical truth," with particular care propagated
All the world over by missions, in aid of whose labours
unselfish,
And of importance, no doubt, we ungrudgingly pay our
subscriptions;
Neither of this nor of rum had they even the faintest
conception;

So these poor black men, benighted in measure distressing
to think of,
Were not possessed of the means to indulge in such
modes of enjoyment.

THE TRIBE CHANGE THEIR QUARTERS.

After the lapse of eight months the tribe, for the purpose
of catching
Schnapper and other sea fish, had removed from the
banks of the Yarra
Close to the shores of the bay, on the site of the present
Dromana.
Here the Boo-no-oo-rong, their opponents from time
immemorial,
Often in conflicts and frays, often in stubborn encounters
Neighbours immediate became, a range of not very high
mountains
Being the frontier line which divided one tribe from the
other.
Some of these Western Port men had been seen peeping
over the ranges,
So of the Woo-ee-woo-ronga they must have known of
the presence ;
And though they speedily vanished as soon as they found
they were noticed,
Those of the other tribe made it a rule to take special
precaution,
Dreading surprise from a foe which ample experience had
taught them

Crafty, implacable, bent on some treacherous purpose was
always.
So some were told off to guard the camp while the
others were absent,
All being warned not to stray to a distance except in
strong parties.

THE MAIDEN AT THE SEASIDE.

Lightness of spirits Carboona by this time had wholly
recovered,
And had again come to merit the name of "The Lover
of Laughter."
Wark Wark The Nimble as well, according to outward
appearance,
Had not had any return of his previous mournful fore
bodings,
And by common consent the subject was never referred to.
Although forbidden to meet each other in very close
converse
(As the rule of the tribe on this point could not be mis-
construed),¹
They could at times interchange a few words of tender
endearment,
When she would sweetly express her hopes of a bright,
happy future,

¹ They are strict in preserving order amongst the young of both sexes, and it is not permitted for the young men to mix with the females. The young people, however, sometimes find means of communicating with each other, and arrange meetings. See R. Brough Smyth's "Aborigines of Victoria," Vol. I., page 124.

To which her lover would listen, but never make any rejoinder.

If she was out of his sight he was always alarmed for her safety;

And while on rambles alone, which she had a strange fancy for taking,

By curiosity led (of her sex in all countries a feature),
Gullies and hills to explore, and streamlets and creeks to examine,

Often he followed her steps, though she knew not of anyone near her.

THE STRANGE BIRDS.

One day she strolled up the mountain, which stands near the present Dromana,
Now Arthur's Seat designated, a name to it given by Murray,

(Who in the brig *Lady Nelson* discovered the Bay of Port Phillip)

When looking over the sea in direction towards the bay's entrance

Something at once met her eye which filled her with startled amazement.

Breathless she ran to the camp, and the circumstance gave an account of,

In these words, to her mother, who sat crouched in front of the fire:—

“Oh, mother! Swimming along at the place where our bay joins the ocean

Are two birds of strange form, possessed of proportions enormous,
Black as the swans' are their sides, and they gracefully
float on the water
Like those same birds, whilst the wind appears to be
driving them onwards;
White are their wings as the down that lies 'neath the
pelican's feathers,
And their pinion-points reach as high as our loftiest tree
tops!"

Fast spread the news through the camp, and soon all
the people assembled
Anxious the sight to behold, by the maiden Carboona
reported ;
Climbing on rocks and up trees, they gazed, some in fear,
all in wonder,
Saying that birds of such size had never been seen or
discoursed of.

THE VESSELS.

But though puzzled they were, no doubt the intelligent
reader—
Who has the history learnt of all matters respecting this
country ;
Having the works of M'Combie and Bonwick and Blair
for his guidance,
Westgarth and Labilliere, and many another historian;
Also with care having studied Gould's ornithological
volumes—

Shrewdly divines that the "birds," so called by these
blackfellows stupid,
Were two ships which arrived with a party of felons
convicted
In eighteen hundred and three, when an expedition from
England
Sailed for the Bay of Port Phillip by Colonel Collins
commanded
(After whom the chief street in our city, we know, has
been christened),
Who, by commission received, was ordered to make an
endeavour
On the south coast of Australia to found an establishment
penal.
That these were vessels, not birds, was soon realised
by the natives ;
Some of their number indeed had heard of the ships of
the whiteman,
And of the settlement made fifteen years before this at
Port Jackson.
One of them even had seen the vessel commanded by
Flinders
Following soon after Murray and sounding the depth of
water ;¹

¹ Murray discovered Port Phillip Bay on the 15th January, 1802. Flinders, not knowing it had been previously discovered, entered it on the 26th April following, and spent a week in examining it, sounding, &c. Collins arrived in October, 1803. Mr. Charles Grimes, Surveyor-General of New South Wales, was sent to examine Port Phillip a few months before the arrival of Collins. His report has been lost, but his map is still in existence, as also is a journal kept by Mr. James Fleming, one of the party. The Woo-ee-woo-ronga appear never to have heard of Grimes' party.

Of which proceeding unable he was to imagine the purpose.

Wrapt in attention they watched the progress the vessels
were making
As they approached the shore of the bay, the most
southerly part of,
And near the present Sorrento, furled sails, and came to
an anchor.
When everything was made snug, activity speedily followed;
Boats were got out and prepared with sails, with oars,
and with rudders,
Then were loaded with men, also with stores and provisions,
Which continued all day, the boats going backward and
forward
From the ships to the shore, and again from the shore
to the vessels.
Soon some fires were alight, and tents on the sand were
erected;
And the energy marked, which is always displayed by the
Briton
Where'er his foot he implants, was by evidence plain
illustrated.

THE WHITEMEN.

Some of the blackmen, at night, came close to the camp
of the strangers,
So as to take a near view of their uncomprehended
proceedings;

Hid in the scrub they remained, but their movement
was heard by a sentry,
Who, when the challenge he gave, as a matter of course
was not answered,
Fired a shot at the place, and, though by it no one was
injured,
Sensibly frightened they were as the bullet whizzed past
through the bushes,
Which a broad hint to depart they considered, and acted
on quickly.

After this, many attempts were made to observe what
was passing
Where the whitemen were encamped, who often, when
quite unsuspecting,
Scrutinized were by the blacks, who, truly, were greatly
bewildered
At the proceedings uncommon and strange scenes they
saw there enacted.
Admiration intense the coats of the soldiers excited,
As did the implements used, the hatchets, pickaxes, and
shovels.
Some of the men they observed on their legs wore orna-
ments shining,
Which, as they walked, made a clatter, and these seemed
slaves to the others.
But what astonished them most was when quite early
one morning,
Five of these were tied up and beaten upon their bare
bodies,

Till the blood ran down in streams,¹ whilst all the time
the poor wretches
Groaned in a manner which showed that the agony felt
was excessive,
Which to these savages even appeared to be cruelty
brutal.

Work went on every day, and soon some huts were
erected,
Wells in the sand were sunk, in which empty casks were
embedded,
Auger holes pierced in their sides, through which slowly
trickled the water,
Not at all pure, by the way, but always unwholesomely
brackish;
Then though close to the spot no suitable timber existed
(Which from the first they had found to their labours a
serious drawback),
By a stout post-and-rail fence the whole of the camp they
surrounded,
Bringing the wood from the shores of the bay, about
fourteen miles distant.
Buildings substantial they raised, long and capacious and
lofty,
Stores in which were piled up in cases, in bales, and in
barrels,

¹ In one of his despatches to Lord Hobart, Collins, referring to some deserters who had been apprehended, writes as follows:—"I addressed the convicts in general, and, after pointing out the comforts they enjoyed, and the ill-use which they made of them, I called the five prisoners forward, whom I caused to be punished with 100 lashes each by the drummers of the detachment."

All being brought to the shore by the ships' boats heavily laden,
Then discharged by the men wading up to their middles in water,¹
Until at length of the whole of their loading the vessels were emptied;
All of which things to the savages evidence ample afforded,
No intention of leaving the place at that time had the white men,
But preparations were making to stay where they were altogether.

THE CONSULTATION.

This the Woo-ee-woo-ronga judged was a matter important;
For what further encroachment yet might be made by the white men
None of them knew, though they feared that there might be some danger unthought of
In their coming in vessels and settling down in this manner.
Some said they should be attacked, and every man of them slaughtered;
But to this others demurred, as they knew that the white men had weapons

¹ Collins writes to Lord Hobart :—"The men, I am happy to say, conduct themselves most perfectly to my satisfaction, wading the whole day long up to their middles in water with the utmost cheerfulness, to discharge the boats as they come in."

Far more effective than those possessed by the Woo-ee-woo-ronga.
And this they specially noticed when on a certain occasion
One of the "slaves" ran off and tried to make for the forest,
But was stopped by a shot discharged at a much longer distance
Than any one of their spears had been known to be able to carry.¹
So 'twas determined to muster the men of the tribe all together
In consultation to settle what course to adopt would be wisest.²

BUNJIL'S SPEECH.

Soon the assembly was held, when the first was our heroine's father,
Bunjil, who rose; and although no special reporters were present,
Writing in shorthand not being an art which the tribe had developed,
It is remembered he spoke somewhat in the following manner:—

¹ Collins mentions this event in one of his despatches to Lord Hobart. He says, speaking of some convicts who had deserted—"One of these, having been three times challenged, was fired at, and wounded. I immediately despatched one of the surgeons with dressings, a cart, and every assistance which was necessary to bring him. The wounded man was immediately pronounced in extreme danger, a slug having lodged in the abdomen."

² Knopwood, the chaplain to Collins's expedition, in his diary, which has been reprinted by the Victorian Government, says:—"The natives gathered in large numbers, so large that Collins feared an attack on the settlement."

“Who are these men with white faces who come to the
land of our fathers,
Here taking up their abode without our permission
obtaining?
Where the sun rises 'tis said on the shores of the far
distant ocean,
Others like these have arrived and have forcibly taken
possession.¹
Murderous weapons they bring which vomit forth lightning
and thunder,
Scattering men of our colour like dust by the blast of
the north wind ;
And though up to this time not one of our own tribe has
fallen
From the homicidal hail by these instruments deadly
projected,
Lately we saw their effect upon one of themselves whose
offence was
Only, it seems, that he left their encampment and went
to the forest,
Seeking for liberty, which of all living men is the
birthright.
Cruelty savage likewise upon their own people they
practise ;
And if in this way they act when dealing the one with the
other,
What better can we expect if with us they engage in
transactions?

1 Alluding to the settlement at Sydney.

Barbarous men such as these we cannot allow to remain here.

So my counsel is plain and admits not of misunderstanding :
I am for striking at once and driving them into the ocean.

This must be done in the night, with every possible caution,

So that their camp is surrounded before they imagine our presence ;

When by a signal pre-ordered our men will attack them with vigour,

And ere they wake from their slumbers our spears will have pierced through their bodies.

Five hundred warriors brave the Woo-ee-woo-ronga can muster,

And the whitemen all told are one hundred less than this number.¹

Therefore there can be no doubt if every man does his duty,

Victory will in this case, as often before, be on our side.

Some of our men we shall lose, but this we must make up our mind to ;

All of the whitemen will not be despatched at the very first onslaught,

And no doubt they will fight when once they get hold of their weapons.

Sacrifice has to be made, if any great good is expected.

¹ Lieutenant Tuckey, of the *Calcutta* frigate, one of the vessels which brought Collins' party to Port Phillip, sets down the numbers as 402, all told. See his "Account of a Voyage to Establish a Colony at Port Phillip." London : Longman and Co., 1805.

My impression is firm, that our welfare, our very existence,
Is on our losing no time in destroying these strangers
dependent."

THE MEN DISCUSS.

Bunjil was silent, his speech with a buzz of approval was
greeted
By his hearers attentive, excepting a limited number,
Who were averse to attempting proceedings of venture so
doubtful;
Thought the whitemen too strong, and knew, for a fact,
they were watchful.
This aspect of the case the next one who spoke advo-
cated;
And then others arose, and every side of the question
Was quite fully discussed, and the *pros* and the *cons*
ventilated.
One went so far as to say that, in view of the interests
common,
Blackmen had in the matter, wisdom it would be and
prudence,
Policy sound likewise, to make peace with their neigh-
bours unfriendly,
Those of the Western Port tribe, and for both to attack
the invader.
But this proposal was scouted, and met with a storm of
derision,
More than by others by Bunjil, who said, "No, let us
all perish

Rather than with the vile Boo-no-oo-rong make any conditions.
They will friendship profess, and to join us will readily offer ;
Then in the heat of the battle will fly and will basely desert us,
Siding, perhaps, with the whiteman. No, we'll have nought with such reptiles."

THE OLD MAN.

Then the old man of the tribe, the Nestor, the veteran Mungah,
Rose to his legs to speak. Not only his hair, but his eyebrows,
Beard, and eyelashes likewise, were white as the snow which in winter
Sometimes unmelted remains a few days on the Dandenong Ranges.
On his tall figure there was not even a vestige of clothing,
Whilst his frame straight and erect was of such leanness excessive
Bones covered over with leather his body appeared to resemble.
Over his back, arms, and breast thick lines had been traced with a fire-stick,¹

¹ The natives of Australia do not practise tattooing, but they mark their bodies with thick lines or cicatrices, made with a fire-stick, or by cutting the skin and filling the openings with clay. (See R. B. Smyth's "Aborigines of Victoria," Vol. I., page 295).

Like to a mop was his head, it was so white and so bushy.

THE OLD MAN SPEAKS.

Mungah, the old man, said :—"Ye men of the Woo-ee-woo-ronga,
Listen to me while I speak, for mine are the words of experience.
Many a time have I stood in the foremost place in the battle,
Whilst in advancing, the first, when in retreating, the last one ;
And since too feeble and old myself to take part in the fighting,
Ever my counsel has been in favour of measures the boldest.
But this has been in encounters with people of our own colour,
Who must, at all times, be met with promptitude and with decision,
Or ere we know where we are with fury they would be upon us.
But with these strangers it seems to me that the policy proper
Is to wait for a time, for which I will give you my reasons.
Barbarous, stupid, and headstrong, being these white interlopers,
Lacking the wisdom and sense possessed by the Woo-ee-woo-ronga,

They, in their ignorance gross, have their habitations
erected

There, on the small strip of land dividing our bay from
the ocean ;

And this, we well are aware, is the worst of all places
about here,

Sandy, and arid, and sterile, in every respect unproductive ;
Timber not to be had, except at a very long distance ;
Nowhere can water be got, excepting from near the sea
level,

Which, unwholesome to drink, before long will affect
them with illness.

Like to the groans of the dying sounds the deep sea in the
distance,

Damping the spirits, and filling the mind with depression
and sadness.¹

These things being considered, weighed duly, and taken
account of,

It is my settled belief that the place will be so unattractive
They in a very short time will willingly take their departure.

Had they attempted to stay by the side of our beautiful
Yarra,

Had they come anywhere else than the place they have
chosen so blindly,

¹ "The only fresh water to be obtained, and that of bad quality and scanty in quantity, was got by sinking casks pierced with holes in the sand through which the water filtered. Such timber as was required had to be brought from Arthur's Seat, some fourteen miles distant. The roar of the surf breaking on the back beach was a constant source of annoyance. The land was sandy and sterile. The brackish water disagreed with the men, and many of the best of them were laid up in hospital." (See "Victorian Year Book, 1874," page 5.)

I should have been of the first to counsel a massacre
bloody.

I am not unaware of the fact that they have in possession
Implements of many kinds which to us would be handy
and useful.

Taking, however, account that their weapons are much
more destructive

Than any we are possessed of, and if we were to attack
them

Many men we should lose, my well considered advice is—
Wait for three short moons, and then if no signs are
apparent

Of their making a move with the view of leaving their
quarters,

We will muster our men with spears and with waddies
provided,

Tomahawks and other weapons in use by the Woo-ee-
woo-ronga,

War paint on our faces, our arms, our legs, and our bodies,
And will attack them in force, and show these white-faced
intruders

That though our colour is black, and we have not their
weapons of thunder,

We have the courage and strength to prevent them from
taking our country."

THE DECISION OF THE TRIBE.

Felt to be amply convincing the words of the old man
much honoured

Were by the most of those present, the only exceptions
important

Being a few besides Bunjil of specially combative natures,
Always prepared for a fight either with or without provocation ;
Strongly resembling in fact the festive Hibernian, oft
quoted,
Who to tread on his coat the general public invited ;
Only the difference being that those of whom I am writing
Never a coat possessed, or indeed any garment whatever.
These being overruled by the general voice of the
meeting,
Finally it was resolved to take the advice of old Mungah,
And to delay for three months before any action was taken.

THE WHITEMEN DEPART.

This being settled, the tribe their occupations returned to,
Which, for the most part, consisted of fishing for schnapper
and hunting.
Still they kept a close watch on all which was done by
the whitemen,
And at night entered their camp, eluding the view of the
sentries.
Sickness they noticed was rife, occasioned no doubt by
bad water,
Then that a soldier had died, and very soon after a convict.
Several ran to the bush, but approached not the Woo-
ee-woo-ronga ;
Some though to other tribes went, who unceremoniously
speared them ;¹

¹ Several of the convicts who deserted from Collins's party were never heard of, and were doubtless killed by the natives.

Others in starving condition returned to the camp and to lashes.

Ere three months had elapsed some symptoms of movement were noticed;

Huts which had been commenced were left in condition unfinished;

Several tents were struck, and stores packed in cases and bundles;

Tanks and casks of the ships were with fresh water replenished;

Sails were bent to the yards, and running rigging was fitted, All of which tended to show no permanent stay was in prospect.

This to the Woo-ee-woo-ronga much satisfaction afforded, Who to the prescience wise of the veteran Mungah gave credit.

Soon working parties commenced to place the goods on the vessels,

When there could be no doubt of what was the white-men's intention.

Loading the ships was continued without intermission or stoppage;

Even on Sunday¹ they toiled, to leave they were in such a hurry.

¹ The following is an extract from one of Collins's "general orders," dated 31st December, 1803 :—"The Lieutenant-Governor is under the necessity of directing that the business of loading the *Ocean* be not suspended until that is completed. The people will, therefore, work the remainder of this day and Sunday. It has never been his wish to make that day other than a day of devotion and rest, but circumstances compel him to employ it in labour. In this the whole are concerned, since the sooner we are enabled to leave *this unpromising and unproductive country*, the sooner shall we be able to reap the advantages and enjoy the comforts of a more fertile spot."

Soon the vessels had taken on board the whole of their
cargo,
Men, and stores, and goods of every sort and description.
Then their anchors they weighed, to the masthead hoisted
their topsails,
And by a favouring breeze were wafted away from Port
Phillip.

OUR COLONY.

Here let me trespass a while upon my kind reader's forbearance,
Whilst I recall to his mind that the country by Collins
deserted
Was the locality which at this present time we reside in,
And which was called later on by an apt and observant
explorer,
Major Mitchell by name (by His Majesty afterwards
knighted),
"Australia Felix," because even then in its state undeveloped
He could discern it possessed unparalleled native resources,
Leaving no reason to doubt the greatness awaiting a
country
Unmistakeably blessed with fertility, richness, and beauty.
And here have Englishmen since a powerful colony
founded,
After the name of our Gracious and much beloved Queen
designated,

Which has become the abode of a happy and fortunate
people
Who for years have enjoyed a prosperity quite un-
exampled,
And to the wealth of the world have contributed hundreds
of millions.
At the time of our story, this region so fair was aban-
doned ;
It being stated by Collins, to those by whom England
was governed,
It was entirely unsuited for civilised man to inhabit.
So because of this CRIME—for no milder term will
express it—
This our Victorian land, of Australia the very best portion,
Far before other parts favoured by richness of soil and by
climate,
And by the boundless extent of its splendid auriferous
treasures,
Was, for thirty-three years, prevented from colonisation,
And its advantages sealed to a whole generation of
Britons.
Had this occurred at a time when each foreign nation of
Europe
As now was making endeavours to found a Colonial
Empire,
Port Phillip then would have been as now is Northern
New Guinea—
Irretrievably lost to the Crown and the rule of Great
Britain.

THE ABDUCTION.

On the very day after the vessels had sailed from Port
Phillip
Taking a stroll was the maid for the purpose of gathering
mushrooms,
And was away but a mile from the camp of the Woo-ee-
woo-ronga,
When from the depths of the wood three savages sprang
out upon her.
But for a moment she saw them as they were advancing
towards her,
And she was only just able to utter a resonant coo-eey,¹
Penetrating and shrill, clear as the note of the bell-bird,
When one, raising his club, struck her down to the
ground in an instant,
Then threw her over his shoulder, and ran off with speed
through the forest.
This, my readers must know, is the way Australian natives
Manage the delicate questions of wooing and wedding to
deal with,
Stunning the bride with a blow from a waddy their usual
practice,
Then, with the help of his friends, she is carried away by
the bridegroom;
Which, as all must admit, is a process effective and simple.

¹ "The well-known coo-ee used when the natives hail each other in the bush is universally adopted by the colonists, and this speaks strongly in its favour. It would be difficult to utter any other sound which would be as clear and as soft, as significant, and be carried so far in the forest as this call."—See R. Brough Smyth's "Aborigines of Victoria," Vol. II., page 20.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE NATIVES.

But in employing the term comprehensive "Australian natives,"

I must explain that I mean to imply aborigines only,
For it must not be forgot that arrived at the age to be married

Now there are whites of both sexes whose native place is Australia,

In relation to whom no such summary course would be sanctioned.

But 'tis expected there should be, as in other civilised countries,

Giggings and gushings and blushings, coquettings and billings and cooings,

Cosettings, spoonings, and moonings, and ballads to mistress's eyebrow ;

Now and then serious tiffs and charges of want of affection,

Ending with "kiss and make friends," as is common in quarrels of lovers.

Parents' consent must be asked, and solicitor must be instructed

Settlement deeds to prepare, with stringent provisions embodied.

Wedding trousseau is ordered of silk, and satin, and velvet,
Laces, and feathers, and flowers, and all other ladies' materials,

Making plenty of work for seamstress, *modiste*, and dress-maker.

Then the service is read, beginning with "Dearly beloved,"
Solemnly read to the end, until it concludes with
"amazement;"

After which is a rush, the bride's cheek to imprint the
first kiss on.

Bridesmaids and best men and friends of both sides have
been asked to the breakfast,

Presents expensive from whom have been placed in full
view on the sideboard;

Viands are eaten in plenty, and champagne goes into
consumption;

Bride cuts the first slice of cake, and funny men improvise
speeches;

Rice and slippers and shoes are thrown as they enter the
carriage;

All of which must be done before the pair start on their
journey.

This method doubtless involves much labour and some
complication,

Which by the savages' practice could, as we perceive, be
avoided.

Still, it must be confessed, that the latter is hard on the
lady;

And as the Anglo-Australian is quite the pink of gallantry,
And would not willingly treat one of the fair sex with
unkindness,

I for one cannot think there is any probable chance of
This aboriginal custom being received into favour
By the whites who have taken the place of the blacks in
this country.

THE PURSUIT.

But whilst I thus am digressing, I hope it has not been
forgotten
Being conveyed was the maiden away upon her wedding
journey;
At least for this it was meant by the amorous savage who,
after
Knocking her down with his club, was taking her off on
his shoulder,
Though 'twill be seen it was fated in this he should be
disappointed.
For before this time, my reader, in prescient acumen not
wanting,
Doubtless has shrewdly divined that the coo-eeey already
referred to,
Which by Carboona was uttered with clearness of articu-
lation,
Heard was by Wark Wark, who having (his usual practice
pursuing)
Followed our heroine's steps, was but a short distance
behind her
When with barbarity great her abduction by force was
effected.
Grasped was the situation complete by his mind in a
moment,
And he instinctively knew the Boo-no-oo-rong were upon
her.
Only a moment he stopped to give two coo-eeys pro-
tracted,

Which of an enemy's presence had been pre-arranged as
the signal,
Then started off in pursuit whilst grasping securely his
weapons.

After the fugitives Wark Wark ran through the forest
fleet-footed,
As the wild dingo when pressed with hunger the kangaroo
chases
Over rough ground and smooth, over fallen trees, rocks,
watercourses,
Swamp and thicket and scrub and many another ob-
struction.
Evident soon it became that, oppressed by the weight of
their burden,
Wark Wark would catch them; indeed he soon was able
to see them.
Out of the three he observed that one only had with him
his weapons,
Taking their turns the two others to carry the stupefied
maiden.
He with the weapons was last, running there for the
others' protection,
And so continued till Wark Wark was from him but
twenty yards distant,
When he suddenly turned with his full face towards his
pursuer,
And to throw at him a spear with deadly intention made
ready.

But the youth having a dart on his throwing-stick ready
adjusted,
Hurled it with all his strength, his pace to the impetus
adding,
Straight on the savage's breast, and tumbled him down
in an instant.
Not for a moment he staid, but, jumping over the body,
Ran in chase of the others, who, seeing one only pur-
suing,
Dropped on the ground at their feet Carboona with gen-
tleness scanty,
Then made a rush towards Wark Wark, who was by this
time close upon them.
Taken somewhat by surprise, time he had barely sufficient
One of his spears to adjust as they were advancing
towards him,
Which, falling short of its mark on account of the hurry
and flurry,
Pierced, instead of the breast, the foot of him that was
foremost,
Who fell down with a howl, while the other sprang for-
ward, intending,
Seizing, to grapple and choke, or break the neck of, his
pursuer.

But he discovered he met from Wark Wark a stubborn
resistance,
Who, notwithstanding his youth, was strong and active
and wiry;

And they both seemed aware that for life and for death
was the struggle.

Meanwhile the man who fell down to the ground, with
a spear through his instep,
Partly raised himself up, and, in spite of the anguish it
caused him,
Wrenched the barbs¹ from his flesh with groanings and
with imprecations;
Then, observing his friend engaged in a life and death
struggle,
Hobbled and staggered along, as well as he could, to
assist him;
So with such odds 'twill be seen that in imminent danger
was Wark Wark.

But by this time Carboona had nearly her senses
recovered,²
And, of herself thinking nought, but only of her betrothed
one,
More like tigress than woman, assaulted the savage with
fierceness;

¹ Lieutenant Tuckey says of the Port Phillip blacks :—" Their arms are spears, used with a throwing stick, like those at Port Jackson ; they are barbed with pieces of white spar or shark's teeth, fastened on with red gum, and within a certain distance must be very dangerous weapons."

² Carboona's speedy recovery may be considered surprising by those who do not take into account the power of resistance possessed by the skulls of the Australian aborigines. It is said to be not uncommon for two men to engage in a sort of duel, each standing up in turn and allowing the other to strike him on the head with a club or waddy, several blows being given and received without either being much the worse. Mr. John F. Mann, in a paper entitled " Notes on the Aborigines of Australia," read before the Geographical Society of Australia in Sydney, on the 16th August, 1883, says, " I believe it to be quite impossible to fracture a black man's skull with a waddy."

Clutching his hair and his beard, and clawing and tearing
and biting,
Forcibly clinging around him to keep him away from her
lover;
Faring but badly the while his wounded foot in the
scuffle,
Causing him madly to utter coarse blasphemies in his
own language.

Suddenly came on the scene six men of the Woo-ee-
woo-ronga,
Who having heard at their camp the signal-calls given by
Wark Wark,
Hastily picked up their spears and bounded off to the
rescue,
Shouting and clamouring loud, and calling and bawling
and yelling;
These were headed by Bunjil, wild with excitement and
fury.

Wark Wark's antagonist, when he heard and saw who
were coming,
Freed himself from the grasp of the youth with an effort
determined;
And, as a desperate chance, to escape by running endeavoured.
But too late; for before he had traversed of yards five
and twenty,
Three spears piercing his back, had settled his running
for ever.

Wark Wark immediately turned to where Carboona
was clinging
Still to the man who was wounded, closely, tenaciously
clinging ;
Clutching his hair and his beard, and clawing, and tearing
and biting ;
He, the while, striking and choking, and every way using
her roughly,
Until, at length, she relaxed her hold, and fell down
exhausted.

THE CATASTROPHE.

Wark Wark quickly stepped forward the maiden to raise
from the greensward,
And in so doing passed into a line with the savage
retreating,
Just at the time that Bunjil, whose skill with the spear
was undoubted,
At him a weapon had launched, with all the strength of
his right arm.
And thus it happened by chance, by accident and mis-
adventure,
Wark Wark stepping in front, between his quarry and
Bunjil,
He, by the spear for the former intended, was pierced
through the body.

Giving a bitter cry, with more sorrow than agony in it,
Prostrate he fell to the ground, grievously, mortally
wounded.

Several ran to his help on the instant, whilst the remainder
Waited to give an account of the savage whose foot had
 been injured,
Who no mercy obtained, as verily might be expected,
But who received, in its stead, of spears a regular shower,
Which, sticking over his back, as heavily forward he
 tumbled,
Pins in a cushion resembled, or quills on the porcupine
 fretful.

First to lift from the ground the head of the youth
 was Carboona,
Kindly and tenderly raised it, the sorrowing maiden,
 Carboona ;
Tigress no longer, but now a gentle, affectionate woman,
Savage and black if you like, ill-nurtured, untrained, and
 untutored,
She was a true woman still, in ev'ry respect a true woman,
Sympathising and kind, devoted and nobly unselfish !
Everyone except her seemed absent, confused and bewil-
 dered ;
She showed presence of mind, common sense, and tact,
 and decision ;
And, as is always the case when such qualifications are
 present,
Each one obeyed her commands without hesitation or
 cavil.
One she ordered to hold up the shaft of the spear that
 still pierced him,
One some water to fetch from a creek not very far distant ;

One the flies to keep off by waving a small leafy branchlet,
Others a shelter to make, from the rays of the sun to
protect him.

THE YOUTH'S LAST SPEECH.

When with the water she moistened his tongue, his
lips, and his forehead,
Straightway he opened his eyes and looked in the face
of Carboona,
And in that look there was love, notwithstanding the
anguish he suffered.
He for more water made signal ; and when his desire
was complied with,
All could perceive that to make an effort to speak he
intended.
Several times he commenced, but every time his voice
failed him,
Till again water he took, which somewhat appeared to
revive him ;
When he utterance gave to his thoughts in the following
language :—
“Wark Wark is dying, beloved Carboona,
Pierced through and through by the spear of thy father ;
Blame no one for it, for only the fault is
Wark Wark's, who stood in the way of the missile.
Thus the presentiment he was possessed with
While the corroboree dance was in progress,
And which such grief and anxiety caused you,
Was a correct and prophetic prevoyance
As at the time to Wark Wark seemed certain.

"Since the whitemen have brought ships to our waters
 Strong is the faith which has seized on our people,
 That when the breath of a blackman has left him,
 Straightway it enters the form of a whiteman.
 So that the moment a blackman has perished,
 At the same instant a white man uprises.¹
 Whether is this supposition a true one
 Wark Wark knows not; or, if it should be so,
 Whether the whiteman who thus life re-enters
 Can of his former life keep recollection;
 Or, should his memory serve in this matter,
 Whether he will be possessed of the power
 Those whom he loved on this earth to re-visit.
 Wark Wark's last thought is with his Carboona,
 And before all men he now gives his promise,
 Should the ability not be denied him,
 He will come back to his love as a whiteman.
 Changed he may be so that she will not know him,
 Nor may his speech be by her comprehended,
 But if a whiteman your quarters should visit,
 Use him not badly, treat him with kindness;
 Grudge him not victuals, but feed him in plenty;
 Let him come under your mia-mi's shelter;

1 This is a well-known superstition among the Australian blacks. When one of their number dies it is quite common for the others to say, "By'm-bye jump up white fellow." R. Brough Smyth says (page 269):—"They certainly believed that the white people, when they first arrived, were their deceased ancestors re-incarnated; and, again, at p. 272:—"On one occasion Mr. Bland, in endeavouring to refute the belief that the whitemen were re-embodied blackfellows, said 'Non-sense! I was never here before,' and was answered by an intelligent lad named Kowit, 'Then how did you know your way here?'"

Let him be joined to Carboona in marriage,
For of a certainty he will be Wark Wark.
Now he has ended, in peace let him perish;
Raise up the end of that spear shaft a trifle,
Moisten his lips, he is sinking—is dying—
Farewell Carboona, beloved Carboona!”

THE YOUTH DIES.

These were his last words, and when to them he had
utterance given
Closed were his eyes, and they knew that life from him
had departed.
Then the maid who, as long as he lived, had courageously
borne up
Was by her grief overcome, and expressed it in loud
lamentation.
Likewise the men who were present were bitterly weeping
and sobbing,
For with profoundest affection the youth had by all been
regarded.
Spears a short distance apart they laid on the ground,
and upon them,
Straightened to its full length, they placed the now stiffen-
ing body;
Then the ends of the spears the six men grasping and
lifting,
Sadly they bore to the camp the mortal remains of young
Wark Wark.

When they the mia-mies reached, the men of the tribe
were returning,
Laden with game they had speared or snared, and with
fish they had taken.
Soon the news spread through the camp, and, as may be
supposed, it occasioned
Sorrow intense, for by all had Wark Wark been loved
and respected.
Grief the women gave way to extravagant—noisy, sonorous,
Crying, and tearing their hair, and with shells and stones
cutting their bodies.¹
This was their custom, and it was renewed on the follow-
ing morning,
When the corpse of the youth was carried away to be
buried.
Then they chanted a dirge, as a sort of funeral service,
Singing the following words, so far as they can be
translated:—

THE DIRGE.

Wark Wark, Wark Wark, thou hast left us ;
Cruel fate it was that took thee,
Cruel was the spear that pierced thee.
Loved wast thou by thine affianced ;

¹ When a death occurs the women express their grief in loud lamentations, tearing or cutting off their hair, and torturing themselves by cutting and burning their bodies. They also sing dirges over the deceased. See R. Brough Smyth's "Aborigines of Victoria," Vol. I., pp. 98 to 112.

We who knew thee also loved thee,
Boo-no-oo-rong only feared thee ;
We bewail thee, we lament thee.
Youthful though thou wast and beardless,
Skill hadst thou in use of weapons,
Thou with boomerang wast dextrous,
Thou couldst throw the spear adroitly,
Thou couldst wield the waddy strongly ;
We bewail thee, we lament thee.
Thou our hope wast, our reliance.
We, of the Woo-ee-woo-ronga,
Looked to thee with strong assurance,
As our shield and our protector ;
We had hoped that in the future
Thou wouldst fight the Boo-no-oo-rong,
Be the terror of our foemen.
We bewail thee, we lament thee.
Practised well thou wast in hunting ;
Practised also well in fishing ;
Ways of animals thou knewest ;
Of the birds and fishes wast thou
Conversant with all the habits.
Thou couldst always bring home to us
Game when no one else had any.
We bewail thee, we lament thee.
If Carboona thou hadst married
Thou shouldst have succeeded Bunjil,
And have come to be our chieftain.
All bewail thee, all lament thee.

THE YOUTH IS BURIED.

During the night a grave by the men had been excavated,
Using their yam-sticks¹ for picks, using their fingers for
shovels,

Digging and delving and scooping and throwing out loose
soil by handfuls,

Until a hole had been made sufficiently large to contain
him.²

In this, Wark Wark was laid amidst the wailing of women,
And the grief of the men felt deeply if not expressed
loudly;

Then the earth was filled in upon the inanimate body,
Stones being heaped on the spot from the prowling wild
dogs to protect it.

Kept was the maiden away from the scene of her lover's
interment,

Closely detained at the camp to nourish her sorrow in
secret;

Nor was even the place where the body was laid ever
told her.

¹ Sticks of hard wood, sometimes five or six feet in length, pointed and round on one side, flat on the other, slightly charred to make them harder, used for digging various kinds of indigenous tuberous roots, chiefly orchids, eaten by the natives. Mr. Charles Wilhelmi, in a paper read before the Royal Society of Victoria in 1859, says:—"A blackfellow with a yam-stick can dig out a wombat, and three or four would quickly dig out a grave four or five feet in depth."

² Some tribes disposed of their dead by burning, others by placing them on the fork or in the hollow of trees, or on rough platforms made of boughs, or in running streams. The Port Phillip blacks, however, buried their dead, on the testimony of Lieutenant Tuckey, who says:—"We had sufficient proof of their burying their dead by finding a human skeleton, three feet under ground, while digging for water. Its decayed state evinced its having been in the ground long before the arrival of any Europeans at this port."

THE EVENING OF THE FUNERAL.

Early it was on the night of the day on which Wark
Wark was buried,
During which day hot blasts from the north had been
blowing with fierceness ;
Some of the tribe were outside enjoying the coolness
delicious
Following after the heat with the setting in of the sea
breeze.

Clear was the sky, the moon was still below the horizon,
But the stars shone with a glory unknown in dear foggy
England,
And the Cross of the South with its vividly luminous
pointers
Of Heaven's gems the brightest, Alpha and Beta Cen-
tauri—
Even transcending in lustre Sirius, the pride of the zodiac,
Or the fiery Antares set in the heart of the Scorpion—
Gleamed, and sparkled, and beamed in a manner grandly
effulgent,
All other star groups in loveliness radiant entirely out-
shining.

All for a time sat in silence, apparently amply enjoying,
Under surroundings delightful the absolute fact of existence,
Or the sensation Italians entitle "dolce far niente,"

Or the "key"¹ of the Turks, or the tranquil "nirvana"²
of Buddha
Overshadowing ills with a feeling of exquisite Lethe.

MURRONGA SPEAKS.

After a time, however, Murronga, our heroine's mother,
Somewhat matronly grown, and rather given to talking,
Conversation commenced with her daughter, in manner
as follows:—

"For your bereavement I'm sorry, Carboona—
Nobody more so. 'Tis truth I am speaking,
For I considered Wark Wark as my own son.
He would, no doubt, have made a good husband—
As he was smart, well behaved, and nice-looking.
Whether or no! it is hard on a maiden
Hard she should thus be deprived of a lover,
Who, if appearances could be relied on
(Though, as we know, they are sometimes deceptive),
Well was adapted to make a girl happy;
So I don't wonder to see you afflicted.
But there! 'tis no use to trouble about it;
Wise it is not to distress yourself too much.
Plenty of men there are still in existence,
Some amongst neighbouring tribes which are friendly,
Fully as good, if not better than Wark Wark.

¹ Complete satisfaction with the mere sense of existence, applied by the Turks to the feeling experienced after a bath.

² The state of absolute tranquillity the followers of Buddha are taught to expect after this life.

Bunjil shall certainly make it his business
(I will speak to him about it to-morrow)
For you a suitable lover to fix on ;
For as you now are sixteen, without joking,
High time it is that you should be married.
Well I remember, before I was your age,
I was not only a wife, but a mother."

THE MAIDEN SPEAKS.

While her mother was speaking Carboona did not interrupt her ;
But by her look it was easy to see that she heard with impatience,
And was only abiding her time to make a rejoinder,
Which she speedily did, without delaying a moment,
Speaking with quickness and fervour, some action, and much animation :—
"Mother! how can you, how dare you, so talk to me?
What do you take me for—have I no feeling?
Am I a child in intelligence wanting,
Of common sense and reason deficient?
Can I forget my love yesterday morning
Full was of joyfulness, lightness, and brightness?
And if I had not so wilfully wandered
Into the forest, as Wark Wark and others
Often had said was attended with danger,
He would be still here amongst us to cheer us.
No! I will certainly never consent to
Marry with one of the young men our neighbours;

And if my father should try to compel me,
Or if at any time one should abduct me,
As the Boo-no-oo-rong lately attempted,
I would not live to endure his embraces;
But would by suicide compass my freedom.
That big black ocean we hear in the distance
Over the rocks and sands moaning and sighing,
As if uniting in our lamentations,
Quickly should roll o'er the corpse of Carboona.
What were the latest words spoken by Wark Wark?
Did he not solemnly, faithfully, promise,
If it to him should not be interdicted,
He would come back to his love as a whiteman?
I am convinced he will come in this manner,
And I await him with anxious assurance.
Was he not right in his former prediction
While the corroboree dance was proceeding?
Did he not say some misfortune was pending
Which was to separate him from Carboona?
Then he was right, and now I believe him;
He was not speaking without inspiration;
He will return to his love as a whiteman.
Sure am I of it; I feel it, I know it,
As a whiteman he will come to Carboona."

THE METEOR.

Just at that moment a meteor, dazzling, resplendent, and
shining,
Bright as the sun at noonday, threw brilliancy over the
prospect.

Starting they looked towards the constellation of Leo,¹
Whence the visitor lustrous appeared to be slowly
 descending.
Soon it burst with a noise resembling a smart clap of
 thunder,
Then dispersed into smoke, which floated about in the
 ether,
Taking the form of a man which all contemplated with
 wonder,
For a short time, until it seemed to sink into the forest
Just at the back of some trees from the camp not very
 far distant.

Some minutes later a rustling and bustling was heard
 in the bushes
From the direction in which the smoke appeared to have
 vanished ;
Quickly the men grasped their weapons, an enemy's pre-
 sence suspecting.
Still the rustling continued, and at the very next instant
Into the camp a man stepped and dropped in a state of
 exhaustion—
Staggered into the camp and fell at the feet of Carboona.
Up the maid started at once, and said—grasping and
 clasping the body—
“’Tis he! I knew he would come, my own one, my
 loved one, my Wark Wark!

¹ I need scarcely remind the astronomical reader that the great majority of meteors which pass through the earth's atmosphere, appear to come from the direction of this constellation.

Wark Wark, come back as he promised with form and
with face of a whiteman."

This she exclaimed, but the strain had been too much
for Carboona,
O'ertaxed had been the strength of the maid by events
which had happened ;
Tottering, weak, and bewildered, she tumbled heavily
forward—
Powerless and giddy and faint, she fell upon top of the
body.

THE WHITEMAN.

Help they rendered at once to Carboona, but were not
so ready
Also the stranger to help, who into the camp had intruded.
Sympathy in distress, is a quality rare in the savage ;
Even with civilised people it is by no means universal.
Soon by the light of the fires they perceived that the
stranger wore clothing,
Such as it was, for it hung upon him in shreds and in
tatters.
Covered with perspiration and dust, he was dirty and grimy,
Not though enough to prevent them from knowing that
he was a whiteman.
Massive and noble proportions at once they observed
him possessed of,
Wasted and haggard and gaunt, but almost a giant in
stature.

a

When Carboona recovered, to tend him she made herself busy.
Food and water she brought, which of all things were what he most needed,
Those of the tribe looking on without either helping or hind'ring.

Soon he began to revive, and rose to a sitting position,
When they assembled around and asked him a number of questions ;
But not a word of their language being by him comprehended,
They from his answers received no edification whatever.
Up to the sky signifying the place he had come from he pointed ;
And this gesture of his, which he frequently made and repeated,
Also the fact of his sudden appearance just after the meteor
Leaving behind it a column of vapour in effigy human,
Feelings of superstition aroused in the minds of the natives,
Making them think after all that possibly he might be Wark Wark.

Up for awhile they remained, the question fully discussing.
Settled belief that the stranger was Wark Wark the maiden expressing,
And in this theory she from her mother met help unexpected,

Who, it will not be forgotten, was surnamed "the Daughter of Cloudland,"

She from the sky having dropt, which was still the belief of the people ;

And on the basis of this she argued with stubborn persistence,

As it had happened to her, it might be the same with another.

True, she was black, he was white ; besides she was but a baby

When she came down, whereas he was a man fully grown, and a fine one ;

But, as everyone knew, circumstances cases might alter, And who could tell what took place in that country a long way above them ?

All of the women the side of the mother and daughter supported,

Whereas the men, as a rule, expressed an opinion discordant ;

But, as may well be supposed, the ladies prevailed in the long run,

And if not fully convinced the men ceased the matter to argue.

Still Carboona continued to tend to and wait on the whiteman,

Whom she kept on addressing and designating as Wark Wark,

Which he to realise seemed, and soon the title accepted, Raising his head at the moment that name was uttered by any.

During the night he was lodged in the place poor Wark
Wark had slept in.
Lying on freshly-cut bracken—sweet, and pleasant, and
springy;
Having a log for a pillow, a fur-covered rug for a blanket
Made of the sinew-sewn skins of the native cat prettily
spotted;
Then at length, when his bed had been prepared, and
he lay down,
He, in the course of a very few minutes, was slumbering
soundly.

WILLIAM BUCKLEY.

But the reader who oft my *dénouement* has anticipated,
Being, as I have remarked, of historical data a student,
Does not need to be told that this man did not tumble
from heaven,
As was accepted as true by those of the tribe superstitious,
But was one of the men who from Collins's vessels deserted
Three days before they abandoned the land and the Bay
of Port Phillip;
William Buckley his name, as a token of which the initials
"W.B." on his arm had been tattooed by a comrade;
Letters which years after this helped to his identification,
When his own native tongue had been by him wholly
forgotten.
During five days he had walked and wandered about in
the forest,
Part of which time hot winds had been blowing like blasts
from a furnace.

Finding nothing to eat, dispirited, tired, and starving,
He to finish his troubles by drowning at length had
decided ;
When drawing near to the Bay he saw by the light of
the meteor
Gathered around their homes in the cool of the evening
the blackmen,
And, disregarding his danger, came to them as has been
related,
Entered into their camp exhausted, and tumbled down
headlong.¹

THE NEXT MORNING.

Early next morning the stranger arose from his mattress
of bracken,
Rose from his pillow of wood, rose from his blanket of
cats' skins,

¹ Mr. S. A. Thomson says:—"Buckley told me that after being here some length of time he was tired of life, and, sitting under a she-oak tree, longed for death. In this state he was found by some blacks, who came around him and asked him by signs where he came from. He, to make as favourable an impression upon them as possible, rose from the ground, and, pointing up to the sky, signified in the best pantomime he could, that he had come down from thence to visit them. They then made signs for him to follow them. . . . They gave him a roasted 'possum to eat, which he told me was without exception the sweetest thing he ever ate in his life. With that same tribe he remained, becoming connected with them by marrying the daughter of a chief, and living more or less contentedly with them after this fashion." See Bonwick's "Port Phillip Settlement," page 226. London: Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. 1883. Dawson says (page 75) that there is little doubt he owed his life to the idea that he was a man who had died and "jumped up whitefellow," and that he probably encouraged this superstition to retain his influence over the tribes with which he mingled.

Then took a dip in the sea to clear off the dust from
his body.

Better and faster he swam than any of those who went
with him,

All of whom were surprised to find him possessed of such
power.

Though a young man not more than of years one-and-
twenty, they saw him¹

Full of vigour and strength as well as of eminent stature.²
Bunjil was one of the men who accompanied him to the
water,

And of those of his tribe I have said its chief was the
tallest,

But by nearly a head the stranger was taller than Bunjil.

Some of the men had been out and brought back a
good store of fishes,

And from these had Carboona a meal for the whiteman
got ready,

Which, when he entered the camp, she modestly laid out
before him,

Watchfully waiting upon him whilst he on these luxuries
feasted,

¹ Buckley is supposed to have been born about the year 1780. If so, he must have been 23 at this time. It is said that in early life he was a bricklayer, and that he then entered the Cheshire militia; but, admired for his magnificent dimensions of bone and muscle, he was removed to the 4th Regiment, known as the "King's Own." There he misconducted himself somehow, and was sentenced to transportation. By one account he was convicted of mutiny at Gibraltar. See Bonwick's "Port Phillip Settlement," p. 222.

² Buckley is reputed to have been 6ft. 6in. in height, to have measured 45in. round the chest, and 18in. round the calf of the leg. See Bonwick's "Port Phillip Settlement," page 230.

Anticipating his wants and every one promptly supplying,
She not attempting to eat till he from his meal had
arisen.

Not until after the whiteman an ample repast had
completed
Did he begin to observe his handmaiden was pleasant
to look on.
Just sixteen was her age, she was tall, and slender, and
graceful;
And, though she had a black skin, the beauty of youth
was possessed of,
Being indeed more attractive than many whose faces were
fairer,
Wrapped was her form in a rug of the skins of some
animal furry,
Passed underneath one arm and secured on the opposite
shoulder,¹
Showing a bosom and neck well shaped and prettily
rounded.
Wavy, not woolly, her hair, and curly, and glossy, and
shining;
Black as the raven's wing, it was by a light fillet encircled,
Wherein were jauntily stuck a trio of eaglehawk's feathers.²

¹ Mr. John F. Mann, in his "Notes" already alluded to, speaking of the native opossum rugs says:—"These cloaks are worn under one arm and fastened on the opposite shoulder. This arrangement allows of freedom to both arms."

² Mr. Mann says:—"The blacks allow their hair to grow very long, and fix it up with long grass or feathers. A strip of skin of a native dog or other animal is sometimes worn around the head as a fillet, and serves to keep the hair out of the eyes."

Owned it will be, I believe, that a fortunate fellow was
Buckley.
He, who a short time before was a famishing runaway
convict,
Now finds himself all at once supplied with his board
and his lodging,
Carefully, willingly, waited upon by a neat-handed damsel,
Who, it is evident, quite a superior being esteems him,
And, as a matter of fact, of her lover the reincarnation.
Still it must be admitted that Buckley was very fine-looking,
Every inch a man, of frame and physique Herculean.
Had he been puny and weak, dwarfish, or old and
decrepid,
I must for one be permitted to say that I very much
question
If she would then have been ready to take him in place
of her lover.

THE MAIDEN MARRIES THE WHITEMAN.

Nearly my story is ended. What now remains to be
mentioned,
Is by my reader imagined as truly as I could relate it:
How in a very short time quite at home with the black-
men was Buckley;
How he was speedily able to talk to them in their own
language;
How before long he acquired adroitness in use of their
weapons,
And was proficient as any in practice of fishing and
hunting;

How, as in peace so in war, he was for his prowess
distinguished,
And to the Boo-no-oo-rong was a source of dismay and
of terror,
Panic prevailing at once when in battle his presence was
noticed,
Courage deserting the foe in the face of the terrible
whiteman;¹
How, with consent of the tribe, to Carboona at length
he was married;
How she considered him always the reincarnation of
Wark Wark;
How she was ever to him a most fond and affectionate
helpmate,
Reconciling him quite to banishment from his own
country,
On him conferring the blessings of happiness, peace, and
contentment.

* * * * *

CONCLUSION.

Thirty-two years had passed, when from the land
After Van Diemen named, there came a band
Of whitemen, who desired to try if they
Could of the country round Port Phillip Bay

¹ "Buckley is more active than any of the blacks, and can throw a spear to an astounding distance." See Bonwick's "Port Phillip Settlement," page 230.

Make any use ; abandoned it had been
By Collins as they knew and we have seen,
Likewise despised, and said to be unfit
Any but savages should dwell in it.

That Collins had been wrong they quickly found,
For of especial richness was the ground ;
Open and park-like plains appeared in sight,
Over which waved the grass three feet in height.
Bounded by undulations was the view,
With vegetation clothed of brightest hue ;
Transparent streams and ever flowing rills,
Trickled across the plains from distant hills.
No less a promised land to them it seemed
Than Canaan was by Jacob's offspring deemed.

One day the men were startled and amazed
As on a giant whiteman's form they gazed,
Who suddenly within their camp appeared.
Sunburnt and bronzed his skin ; his hair and beard
Were long and shaggy ; and his form within
A rug enormous of opossum skin
Was closely wrapt. Upon his mighty frame
They gazed in wonder. None knew whence he came
Or what he wanted. His imposing size
Filled them with consternation. To their eyes
He seemed as if he fitted were to grasp
One of their number under each arm's clasp.
Any resistance they could make would be
Useless, they felt, with such an one as he.

But speedily their confidence returned,
When his pacific purpose they discerned ;
And by his signs he made them understand
He wished to seek again the whiteman's land.
At first of English he could speak no word,
But soon some sentences to him recurred.
The fact that William Buckley was his name
The letters marked upon his arm proclaim.¹
Kindly they treated him, and each one tried
That his requirements might be satisfied ;
Victuals and drink they gave, and did their best
That he in decent clothing should be dressed ;
Although not easy was their task to plan
Garments of size to fit so huge a man.
Lodgings and board he had with them the while
They could transfer him to Tasmania's isle ;
Where he remained until a pardon free
At length was granted by His Majesty ;
A pension small it also was decreed
He should receive to satisfy his need.
In Hobart he for many years did dwell,
As early colonists remember well.
His form commanding and his stalwart size,
Easy it was from far to recognise ;

1 "Some of Mr. Batman's men were, one fine morning, much frightened at the approach of a whiteman of immense size, covered with an enormous opossum skin rug, and his hair and beard spread out as large as a bushel measure. Their first impression was that this giant would put one of them under each arm and walk away with them. The man showing signs of speech, their fears subsided ; and they spoke to him. At first he could not understand one word they said. One of them went to examine him, and found two letters on his arm - 'W.' for William, and 'B.' for Buckley."—Bonwick's "Port Phillip Settlement," p. 229.

And mothers as he passed their children showed
 The man who with the savages abode;
 And then the children stood as he went by
 And held their breath and looked with timid eye;
 And thought how sad had his experience been,
 And what strange things he must have known and seen.
 And when at length he died, advanced in age,¹
 His story was inscribed on printed page;
 A book was written, and its title ran—
 'The Life of Buckley; or, The Wild White Man.'²

What of Carboona? Whilst she still had life
 Could Buckley thus desert his sable wife?³
 What of their children? Did they any own?⁴
 Nothing, I must admit, of this is known.
 On these, as upon other points, which none dispute
 Are of still greater moment, history is mute.

¹ Buckley died in 1856. He was then about 75 years of age.

² This is a romantic narrative by Mr. Morgan, of the Tasmanian press. The author drew largely upon his imagination, as no information could ever be got from Buckley. Bonwick says (page 222)—"They who wanted facts of that strange man's history could not get them. Drunk or sober, pleased or angry, no tale could be obtained from him, for he had none to tell. The present writer lived for eight years as his neighbour, and could learn nothing of him or from him. He would walk down the street with his eyes fixed upon some imaginary spot at the other end, looking to neither side, talking to no one." His intellect had doubtless become affected by his long residence with the blacks.

³ Dawson (page 110) mentions a woman who passed as Buckley's widow, but there are grave doubts whether she really was so.

⁴ Bonwick says (page 226)—"The writer has heard tales of Buckley's children, but placed no confidence in them. It was said a tall woman was seen of a yellowish colour, who might have been his daughter, but he never confessed to having any descendants." Dawson (page 111) says he had no children.

Patriotic Song.¹

Arouse ye, Australians, your country's in danger,
Your homes are in peril, the foe's at the door;
The ships and the troops of the Muscovite stranger
With hostile intentions are nearing your shore.

Arm, arm then, and up, let the need of the nation
Cause every true heart with excitement to throb,
Make ready each ship, man each fortification,
And stoutly repel the piratical mob—

That comes to your shores to destroy and to plunder;
To ravage your homes; to dishonour your wives;
Let musketry flash, let artillery thunder,
In service so sacred fear not for your lives.

And if money be wanted let it be forthcoming,
No matter, although the last shilling you spend;
Inexpedient the time is the cost to be summing,
Your homes at all risk you must safely defend.

¹ In April, 1885, there was daily expectation of war between England and Russia, and it was rumoured that a Russian fleet, consisting of several ironclads, together with other vessels, which a short time previously had been lying at the Cape of Good Hope, was seen not far from the coast of Australia, where it was supposed to be cruising until war might be proclaimed, with the intention of then attacking and placing under contribution one or more of the Australian capital cities. Upon this, which turned out to be a false alarm, a Melbourne journal offered prizes for the best and second best patriotic songs suitable to the occasion. This resulted in eighty compositions being sent in, of which the following was admittedly the best, it being editorially stated to be "a sound, sterling, and spirited poem." It was, however, denied a prize, because it contained a Latin quotation which, it was said "spoilt it for the singer."

Trust not to the Russ, he's a practised deceiver,
Believe not his word, he speaks never his mind;
From Afghanistan to the banks of the Neva,
No oaths will restrain him, no treaties will bind.

"Pro aris et focus"—let this be the saying
Expressed by each man as he starts for the fight,
And while on your banners this motto displaying,
God's Providence surely will favour the right.

Then rouse ye, Australians, your country's in danger,
Be sluggish no longer, the foe's at your door;
Rise up and encounter the insolent stranger,
And drive in confusion the Russ from your shore.



The Eight Hours' Anniversary.¹

A victory in fair Victoria's land
Has been achieved by labour's stalwart band.
In other climes the sons of industry
No better can be said than slaves to be;
From ten to fourteen hours they toil each day,
Year after year, and still they toil away;
Their wages small can scarce their lives sustain,
And when at night with an enfeebled brain

¹ These lines were written on the occasion of a Melbourne journal, shortly before the eight hours' anniversary 1885, offering a prize for the best poem on that subject. They were unsuccessful, as they probably deserved to be. They have, however, since been published in the same journal.

They seek to gain repose in Morpheus' arms,
Their wearied limbs are proof against his charms.
Though against hunger gaunt they fain would fight,
Their wretched meals are foes to appetite ;
From year to year no holiday arrives
To break the sameness of their cheerless lives.
But better off on this our favoured soil,
With wise intelligence the sons of toil
A valued boon have for themselves secured,
And fair division of their time ensured.
Into three parts of eight hours each the day
Has been partitioned, so that each man may
One third devote to labour, one to rest,
And one in such a manner as seems best
Employ his time ; whether his mind to school
He tries, or pleasure seeks, the settled rule
Must not be broken—none must toil beyond
The eight hours' period mentioned in the bond.
And 'tis averred by those who best should know
That not alone the work is better so
In quality, but also the amount
Done in the time makes up a larger count
Than when by lengthened hours and scanty rest
The labourer, exhausted and oppressed,
To such extent his senses to confuse,
Unable was his efforts best to use.
Then let us all the day to keep unite,
April the twenty-first, on which the right
Of man not merely a machine to be

Is kept in solemn anniversary.
 And let us all rejoice that in our day
 The pleasing history relate we may,
 How labour from its ancient trammels free
 Has here achieved its rightful liberty.
 The movement, thus so happily begun,
 To other countries now must surely run ;
 And in the course of time throughout the world,
 The eight hours' banner will be found unfurled.
 And when succeeding years have onward rolled,
 By many yet unborn it shall be told,
 Associated with Victoria's name,
 How peace no less than war can victories claim.



Lines by Victor Hugo.¹

“Alors qu'on entendait ta fanfare de fête
 Retentir,
 O Paris, je t'ai fui comme le noir prophète
 Fuyait Tyr.

“Quand l'empire en Gomorrhe avait changé Lutèce,
 Morne, amer,
 Je me suis envolé dans la grande tristesse
 De la mer.

¹ The translation of these lines into English verse was submitted to public competition in the *Australasian Schoolmaster* for October, 1885. The prize was awarded to the author for the verses which follow them.

“ Là, tragique ; écoutant ta chanson, ton délire,
Bruits confus,
J’opposais à ton luxe, à ton rêve, à ton rire,
Un refus.

“ Mais aujourd’hui qu’arrive avec sa sombre foule
Attila,
Aujourd’hui que le monde autour de toi s’écroule,
Me voilà.

“ France, être sur ta claie à l’heure où l’on te traîne
Aux cheveux,
O ma mère, et porter mon anneau de ta chaîne,
Je le veux !

“ J’accours, puisque sur toi la bombe et la mitraille
Ont craché,
Tu me regarderas debout sur ta muraille,
Ou couché.

“ Et peut-être, en ta terre, où brille l’espérance,
Pur flambeau,
Pour prix de mon exil, tu m’accorderas, France,
Un tombeau.”

TRANSLATION.

Oh Paris, when I heard thy fête proclaimed
By trumpet’s bray;
As fled from ancient Tyre the prophet black,
I sped away.

When into a Gomorrah full of gloom,
 Lutetia fair
 Was by the Empire changed, the sea I sought,
 And sad was there.

There listening to thy frenzy, to thy song,
 In sound confused,
 Thy laughter, luxury, and dream were all
 By me refused.

But now, when Attila, with sombre crowd,
 Approaches near ;
 Now that the world around thee tumbles down,
 Behold me here !

Oh, Mother ! I would wish that when they drag
 Thee by thy hair,
 I on thy sledge might be, and of thy chain
 My link might bear.

I come whilst shell and shot are on thee poured ;
 And on thy wall
 Upright thou seest me stand, unless mayhap
 I stricken fall.

And when on hope's pure torch I cease to gaze
 And seek my rest,
 Grant me, oh France ! mine exile's price—a grave
 Within thy breast.

Further Lines by Victor Hugo.

“Lorsque l'enfant paraît le cercle de famille
Applaudit à grands cris; son doux regard qui brille
Fait briller tous les yeux;
Et les plus tristes fronts, les plus souillés peut-être,
Se dérident soudain à voir l'enfant paraître,
Innocent et joyeux.”

TRANSLATION.

The family circle, when baby is seen,
Will greet it with plaudits; its sweet beaming mien
To each eye gives light;
And brows which with sadness o'erclouded appear,
In a moment unwrinkle when baby is near,
So sinless and bright.

Lines Written in Miss Maggie A—'s Album.

CHURCHILL ISLAND, WESTERN PORT.

Miss Maggie said, "You surely will
Contribute to my book
Some lines, for there is poetry
And kindness in your look ;
That tuneful words you can discourse
When you invoke the muse
I well believe, so may I hope
You will not me refuse?"

"Indeed Miss Maggie," I exclaimed,
"My powers you overrate ;
For writing in poetic strain
My talent is not great.
'Tis true some lines of doggerel crude
I have been known to rhyme,
But to poetic eminence
I ne'er aspired to climb.

"*My* Pegasus I grieve to say
Is but a sorry screw ;
His wind is short, his joints are stiff,
His wings are all askew.

He is an arrant jibber, too ;
 And efforts though I use
 To urge him to Parnassus' top
 Where dwells the tuneful muse—

“Seldom will coaxing, spur, or whip
 Incite this steed to bring
 His rider to the muse's haunt,
 The famed Castalian spring.
 Still my endeavour I will give
 Your wish to gratify,
 And some poor verses for your book
 Will willingly supply.

“My theme must be your island home,
 Which the historic name
 Bears of the house of Marlborough,
 Of never-dying fame.
 And not of Churchill isle alone
 Must my discourse be writ,
 But I must also mention make
 Of those who dwell on it.

“A lovely spot the island is
 As from a distance seen ;
 Rounded in form, its sides are clothed
 With herbage fresh and green.
 And not less beautiful it seems
 When nearer is the view ;
 Proximity its charms improves,
 And brighter makes its hue.

“Dotted with trees in parts, their boughs
 Afford a grateful shade
 To cattle, which from colder climes
 To it have been conveyed.
 Not only by their shaggy coats
 Their origin is known,
 But by their form exceptional,
 The Highland breed is shown.

“Now to your Sire I will refer,
 Who Selkirk-like may say
 He undisputed monarch is
 Of all he can survey.
 But Selkirk's solitary life
 Is not the one he lives;
 For he to those who visit him
 A cordial welcome gives.

“If only they approach the shore
 And coo-ey loud and clear,
 The signal soon is heard, and then
 The boat will straight appear.
 And when they land on Churchill Isle
 Its monarch will them meet,
 And them with beaming countenance
 He heartily will greet.

“And soon they'll see the empress, who
 With many a pleasant smile,
 Will bid them welcome to her house
 And to the Churchill Isle.

Then, speedily, the best of cheer
 The island can afford
 Will noiselessly, with ready hands,
 Be placed upon the board.

“The hostess over all presides,
 And ably plays her part;
 All feel that kindly sympathy
 Is present in her heart.
 And midst the dainty viands spread
 Expressly for their sakes,
 Are those which show the family
 Are from the ‘Land o’ Cakes.’

“But not on cakes alone, the guests
 Their appetites regale,
 For fish and flesh and fowl and fruits,
 With whisky, wine, and ale,
 And other delicacies rare
 Attention do invite,
 Which all partake of till the time
 Is staid their appetite.

“But who is this with graceful form
 Appears upon the scene?
 Though young in years, she fitted seems
 To be the island’s queen.
 Lovely in face, her features glow
 With richest bloom of youth,
 The sparkle of her eye proclaims
 Her honesty and truth.

" I will not name this paragon,
But leave to you to guess
What lady it may be who does
Such qualities possess.
To designate her would be vain,
For little doubt I make
That soon she will persuaded be
Some other name to take.

" The riddle is not hard to solve,
But, during the meanwhile,
This fair one may be mentioned as
'The lass of Churchill Isle.'
And now, Miss Maggie, I have kept
The promise made to you ;
Too long already is my lay,
So I will bid, Adieu !"

Jubilee Messages.¹

A Jubilee Messenger I,
As you easily can descry;
In the papers I bear
Is intelligence rare
Which you'll well understand if you try.

A Messenger of Jubilee
I come to this festivity,
To join in mirth and gaiety,
In honour of Her Majesty.

Our Queen began to reign
Just fifty years ago,
And we assemble here,
Our loyalty to show.

Her Honoured Representatives
In fair Victoria's land,
Homage and deference receive
And praise on every hand.

And I the humble Messenger
Of Royal Jubilee,
Am gratified and thankful too
That they invited me.

¹ Several hundred elegantly printed copies of these Messages were distributed in the ballroom at Government House, Melbourne, by a young lady who took the part of "The Jubilee Messenger" at a fancy dress ball given by Sir Henry and Lady Loch on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee.

Holiday Rhymes.

THE following verses have been written at different times in the visitors' books at the hotels and boarding houses stayed at by the author at various Victorian watering places and holiday resorts.

AT "ROADKNIGHT'S," CUNNINGHAME, LAKES ENTRANCE, GIPPSLAND.

When Cunninghame township you visit,
If you wish to take up your abode right,
The way be sure you don't miss it,
But come straight to the house kept by Roadknight.

If you come with a weight on your mind,
You'll soon rid yourself of the load quite,
For there's freedom from care in the wind
That blows round the house kept by Roadknight.

If sorrow should still you pursue,
Or trouble oppress like a toad-bite,
You'll find ease in regarding the view
Which is got from the house kept by Roadknight.

If you wish to catch fish in the lake,
Your host's son will show you the mode right,
And if much or if little you take,
'Twill be cooked in the house kept by Roadknight.

The blacks will want money or rum,
Nor leave you if even you showed fight,
So you'd better at once give them some,
Or, "no peace" in the house kept by Roadknight.

But the steamer is ringing its bell,
And soon will depart on its road right,
So now I must bid you farewell,
And take leave of the house kept by Roadknight.

But next year, should business or care
Make me anxious to render the load light,
I'll pack up my traps then and there,
And come back to the house kept by Roadknight.

AT LAUGHTON'S HOTEL, CUNNINGHAME, LAKES
ENTRANCE.

Eight days we've staid at this hotel,
And have enjoyed ourselves full well.
The beds were clean and nice the food,
The host and hostess kind and good ;
We strolled on sands, we swam in lake,
We often fished, though small the take ;
We climbed the hills, we gathered ferns,
We studied Shakspeare, Scott, and Burns ;
And after all I'm bound to say
We've spent a pleasant holiday.

AT EDGCOMBE'S HOTEL, HEALESVILLE.

If you are ill,
And wish to be well,
Come to Healesville,
To Edgcombe's Hotel.

So well you'll be treated you'll lose all your pain
And return quite recovered to Melbourne again.

AT BOYLE'S HOTEL, FERNSHAW.

At Easter time, year eighty-five,
At Boyle's Hotel we did arrive.
The place was rushed ; at Easter tide
Each room is fully occupied.
The host and hostess shook their heads,
But still contrived to give us beds ;
And straightway placed upon the board
The best the hostel could afford,
Likewise, to us in every way
Polite attentions they did pay.
But soon the rain came pouring down,
We wished ourselves again in town ;
And though the clouds away did roll,
Nor hinder long our wonted stroll,
We registered in heaven a vow,
Which binding is upon us now,
When next at Fernshaw we appear
We'll choose some other time of year.

AT KEPPEL'S HOTEL, MARYSVILLE.

The scenery at Marysville
Is much to be admired ;
'Twill do you good to gaze on it
Until your eyes are tired.

But better than the scenery,
The ferns and waterfall,
Is the welcome you will meet with
At Keppel's house of call.

There cleanliness and order
Are present all around ;
And right good cheer and civil words
Are ever to be found.

Then long live Keppel and his wife,
Their sons and daughter too ;
May they be rich and prosperous,
And ne'er have cause to rue.

AT ROBINSON'S ALPINE RETREAT, WARBURTON.

"Oh, where shall I go from the town
And its noise and its bustle and heat ?
'Twould gladden me much could I find
Some quiet sequestered retreat.

"Oh, where shall I go from the town ?"
How often those words I repeat ;
"Oh, what would I give could I find
Some peaceable sylvan retreat !"

A friend standing by heard these words,
And anxious my wishes to meet,
Said, "I know the place you require,
It is Robinson's Alpine Retreat.

"At Warburton this will be found,
A village contracted but neat,
Overlooking the Yarra's bright stream
Is Robinson's Alpine Retreat."

So I jumped in the Lilydale train,
In Cobb's coach secured the box seat,
And arrived on the same afternoon
At Robinson's Alpine Retreat.

Mrs. Robinson stood at the door,
Her visage with smiles was replete,
Host Robinson gave me a bow
And welcomed me to his "Retreat."

I found the house prettily placed,
Looking down where the river runs fleet;
With ranges of mountains girt round
Is Robinson's Alpine Retreat.

In perfect seclusion it lies,
The quiet obtained is complete;
Care and trouble at once are forgot
At Robinson's Alpine Retreat.

The house is well ordered and clean,
And pleasant and tidy and neat ;
In this 'twould be hard to surpass
Mrs. Robinson's Alpine Retreat.

The table is amply supplied
With plenty to drink and to eat ;
The fare and the cooking are good
At Robinson's Alpine Retreat.

The views are for loveliness famed,
The scenery not to be beat,
There is beauty and verdure around
Host Robinson's Alpine Retreat.

There is music to me in the stream,
Its ripple affords me a treat,
As it rolls o'er the stones just in front
Of Robinson's Alpine Retreat.

I love to roam over the hills,
Where no human being I meet ;
And to revel in Nature's delights
Near Robinson's Alpine Retreat.

And when I get back to the town,
And its noise and its bustle and heat
I shall think of the time that I spent
At Robinson's Alpine Retreat.

AT ANDERSON'S GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, LORNE.

Stately stands the "Grand Pacific,"
'Tis an edifice magnific,
Of good cheer it is prolific,
For all ills it is specific.

See drive up the coach and horses,
Host Anderson in fullest force is,
Musters all the inn's resources,
If you miss him yours the loss is.

Mrs. Anderson, the hostess,
All attention at her post is ;
She the ruler of the roast is,
To give comfort it her boast is.

First you'll to the Erskine River ;
Walking there will make you shiver.
But although your flesh may quiver
It will benefit your liver.

Next the Phantom Falls you'll visit,
Stony Creek you'll also quiz it,
"Paradise," be sure don't miss it ;
All of these you'll find exquisite.

To the Cumberland you'll travel,
Over boulders, rocks and gravel ;
Traverse these, nor at them cavil
If the way you would unravel.

Whether high or low your grade is,
You'll be loaded by the ladies ;
Of grub, then ferns, your burden made is,
Things you'll wish were all at Hades.

Crossing creeks when on excursion,
Careful be in your exertion ;
Or you may get an immersion
Causing, at your cost, diversion.

Should you aspire to hook the fishes,
In which the Bay of Loutit rich is,
Soon you'll catch, if such your wish is,
Enough to fill a dozen dishes.

If with this sport not satiated,
With fly and worm your tackle baited,
Herrings and trout you may be fated
To catch until your basket's freighted.

Then at eve the "light fantastic"
Is for those whose joints are plastic,
And whose movements are elastic,
And whose ways are not monastic.

Some days after home you'll start for,
Sorry much from Lorne to part, for
Staying longer you've a heart for.
Your ferns you'll want a horse and cart for.

AT BOUSTEAD'S (SAILOR BILL'S), MOUNT ST. BERNARD
HOSPICE.

On Mount St. Bernard's crest, about
Twelve miles from Harrietville,
There lives an ancient mariner,
They call him "Sailor Bill."

But those who thus address him, don't
Quite give him all his due,
For "Captain William Boustead," is
His designation true.

For many years he sailed the seas,
But now he seeks repose,
Not in the warmth and sunshine, but
High up amongst the snows.

And when the snows are melted, from
November until May,
His hospice is a pleasant place
For visitors to stay.

And travellers who pass that way
And stop at Bill's abode,
Have never reason to regret
They lingered on the road.

For such do Boustead and his wife
Make welcome at their board;
And wholesome food, and bedding good,
Do willingly afford.

Whilst Mrs. Boustead's cookery
Is famous far and wide,
The neatness of her domicile
By none can be denied.

And she, in her domestic work,
Receives efficient aid
From Rachel, who by all is deemed
A model serving-maid.

The mountain air invigorates,
It is both fresh and pure ;
For almost every malady
It is a perfect cure.

The eminences all around,
Mounts Hotham and Brough Smyth,
And Razorback and Feathertop,
You can ascend if lithe.

Or if, to climbing indisposed,
You like to stop at home,
The scenery you may admire,
Or scribble in this tome.

And when you quit the mountains, and
Return to Harrietville,
You'll find your health much better, for
Your stay with Sailor Bill.

AT BAUER'S HOTEL, COWES, PHILLIP ISLAND.

I should like very well, Mr. B.,
Some lines in this volume to write,
Your name at the end of each verse,
Which it would not be hard to indite ;

If I only knew what, Mr. B.,
Would rhyme with your rather short name
Which, strangely, it must be confessed,
Scarce two persons utter the same.

One will so it pronounce, Mr. B.,
As to make it to jingle with "shower ;"
With him 'twill, of course, be thought right
That you should be called "Mr. Bower."

Another will say, Mr. B.,
That your name is pronounced as is "shore ;"
He strongly will argue the point
That you ought to be called "Mr. Bore."

A third one will say, Mr. B.,
That the name ought to rhyme with "the sower
Who went out to sow," and that you
Should of right be addressed "Mr. Bo-er."

A fourth has no doubt, Mr. B.,
Its assonance should be as "fewer ;"
And, therefore, you should be addressed
Not otherwise than "Mr. Bewer."

A fifth will maintain, Mr. B.,
It would be much plainer and freer,
More natural, too, on the whole,
That you should be styled "Mr. Beer."

A sixth one will say, Mr. B.,
That all the romance it would mar
Of your title, should you be addressed
By any name but "Mr. Barr."

A seventh will contend, Mr. B.,
And with confidence say he is sure
That all of the others are wrong,
And your title must be "Mr. Boor."

To judge between these, Mr. B.,
I own my incompetence quite;
So I really am bound to decline
In this volume such verses to write.

Yet, nevertheless, Mr. B.,
Leaving out of the question your name,
With the treatment I've had in your house
I am very well pleased all the same.

And I credit must give, Mr. B.,
To the talent displayed by your cook,
Whose skill 'twould be wrong to ignore
By a writer of lines in this book.

So now to conclude, Mr. B.,
I will promise when reaching the town,
To mention with favour your house,
And to spread far and wide its renown.



My Dashund.

I have a pet, most perfect yet
That nature ever fashioned ;
This animal is of the breed
Dog fanciers call a "dashund."

I brought him up, and from a pup
Have boarded him and rationed,
And now, my faithful friend is this
Incomparable dashund.

Should silver deck his graceful neck,
With silk should he be sashened,
These ornatures could not improve
The beauty of my dashund.

Because with hook his forelegs crook,
Some think he is odd-fashioned ;
But they their ignorance display
Of what befits a dashund.

No scraps of meat he gets to eat,
Or aught twice cooked or hashened ;
But fed on mutton chops each day
Is this fastidious dashund.

Corrected he ne'er needs to be,
Much less chastised or thrashened,
For faultless is, in all respects,
This well-conducted dashund.

Should e'er by wit my soul be lit,
Or intellect be flashened,
I would discourse the praises of
This estimable dashund.

Of him with weight I would dilate
In eloquence impassioned ;
But ne'er could I do justice to
This admirable dashund.

However stress of care may press,
And render me short cashened,
No sum shall ever buy from me
This matchless, priceless dashund.

















